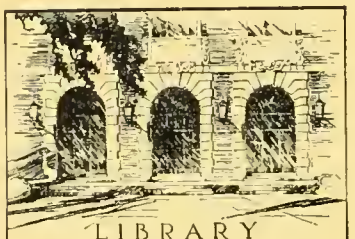

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PEGGY FROM PARIS

A MUSICAL COMEDY
IN TWO ACTS

BOOK & LYRICS BY

GEORGE ADE

MUSIC BY

WILLIAM LORAINE.

VOCAL SCORE. Price $2.00 net. 6/

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"PEGGY FROM PARIS"

A Musical Comedy in a Prologue and Two Acts.

Produced under the Management of

HENRY W. SAVAGE.

Book and Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE.

THE CAST.

Captain Alonzo Plummer, the village dignitary. . . . . W. T. HODGE.
Hon. Jabez Flanders, the village orator. . . . . DAN BAKER.
Walt Quackenbush, the village joker. . . . . GOODALE DICKERMAN.
Jim Peasley, the village station agent. . . . . E. H. O' CONNOR.
Lutie Plummer, the village soprano. . . . . GUSTAVE BAKER.
Mrs. Homer Ketcham, the village news bureau. . . . . MINA SCHWARTZE.
Lem Harvey, the village tenor. . . . . CHAS. L. WELCH.
Cicero J. Grampis, a Napoleon of the drama . . . . . FRED LENNOX.
Captain Alonzo Plummer, of Hickory Crick. . . . . W. T. HODGE.
Montague Fish, a banker with a private ambition. . . . . GEO A. BEANE.
Alexander Nerveen, collegian . . . . . JOHN B. PARK.
Reginald Hickey, a useful boy. . . . . ARTHUR DEAGAN.
M. Hommard, ... DAN BAKER.
M. Folies-Bergere, . . } Of the Franco American League } . . . . . G. DICKERMAN.
M. Bon-Bon, ... E. H. O' CONNOR.
Peggy Plummer, known as Mlle. Fleurette Caramelle . . . . . HELEN BERTRAM.
Sophie Blotz, Mlle. Caramelle's maid. . . . . JOSIE SADLER.
Mrs. Montague Fish, a wife . . . . . ALICE HEGEMAN.
Lily Ann Lynch, the home-grown article. . . . . HELEN HALE.

Characters in the dress rehearsal of "KING JANITORO."

King Janitoro, ... MR. CICERO GRAMPIS.
ARoving Bachelor, ... MR. ALEXANDER NERVEEN.
The King of Clubs, ... MR. REGINALD HICKEY.
Nina, ... LILY ANN LYNCH.
Herald, . . } . . . . . MRS. MONTAGUE FISH.
Good Fairy, }
Princess Escolta, ... MISS LUTIE PLUMMER.
Princess Lunita, ... MLLE. FLEURETTE CARAMELLE.

Bell Boys, Amateurs, Collegians, Autograph Girls, Stage Hands, Chappies, Matrimonial Guards, Married People, Clubmen, etc.

SYNOPSIS.

SCENE I.—ACT I.—Parlor of the Commercial Hotel, Hickory Crick Ill. The Old Time Party.
SCENE II.— The stage of the Paragon Theatre, Chicago. The getting together of the Plummers.
SCENE I.—ACT II.— Reception room of Peggy's Apartments. Auditorium Hotel.
SCENE II.— Honeymoon Terrace — The dress rehearsal of "King Janitoro."

General Stage Director. . . . . Geo. F. Marion.
Staged by. . . . . Frank Tannerhill Jr.

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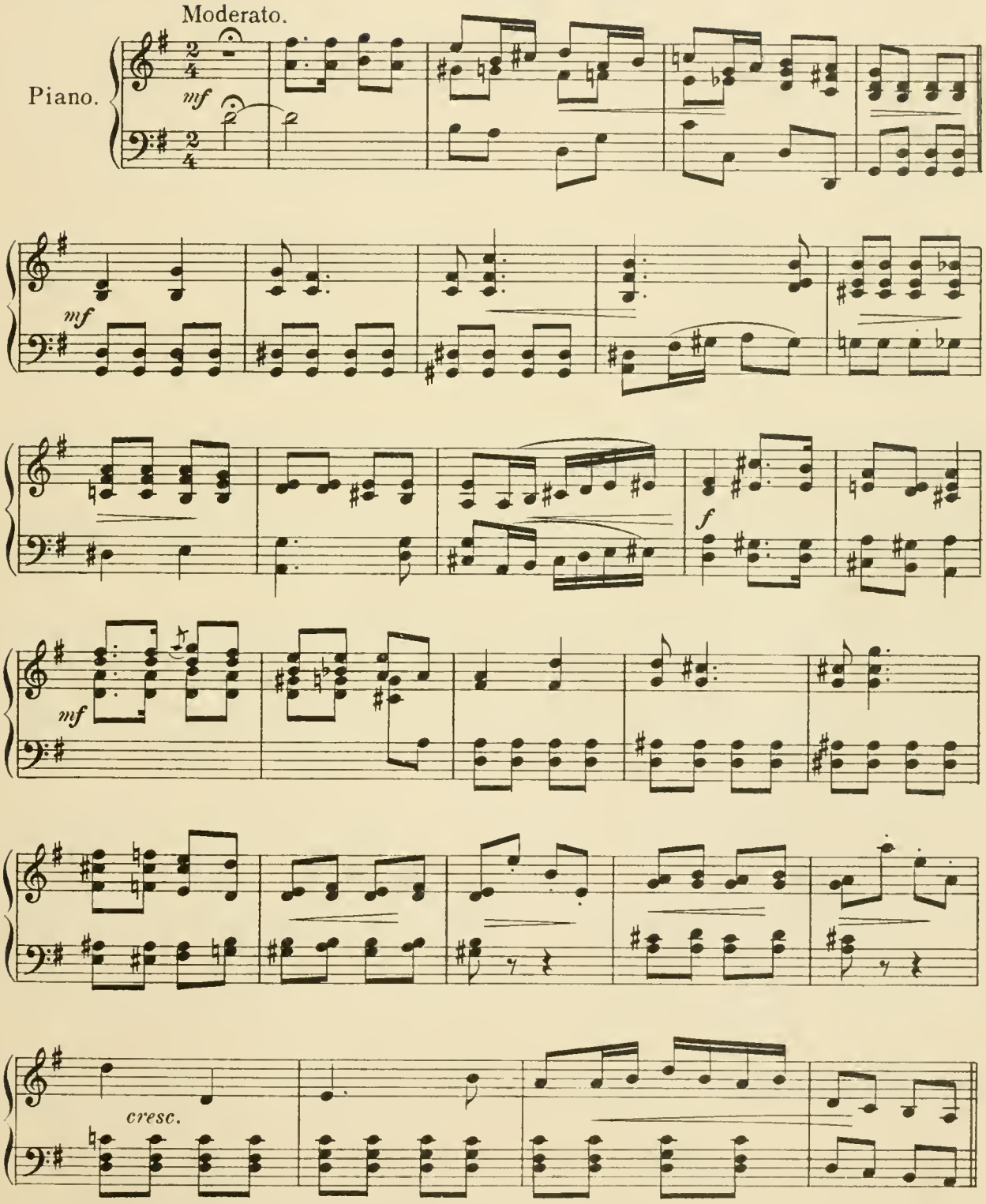
ACT I — SCENE I.

Nº 1. Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE.



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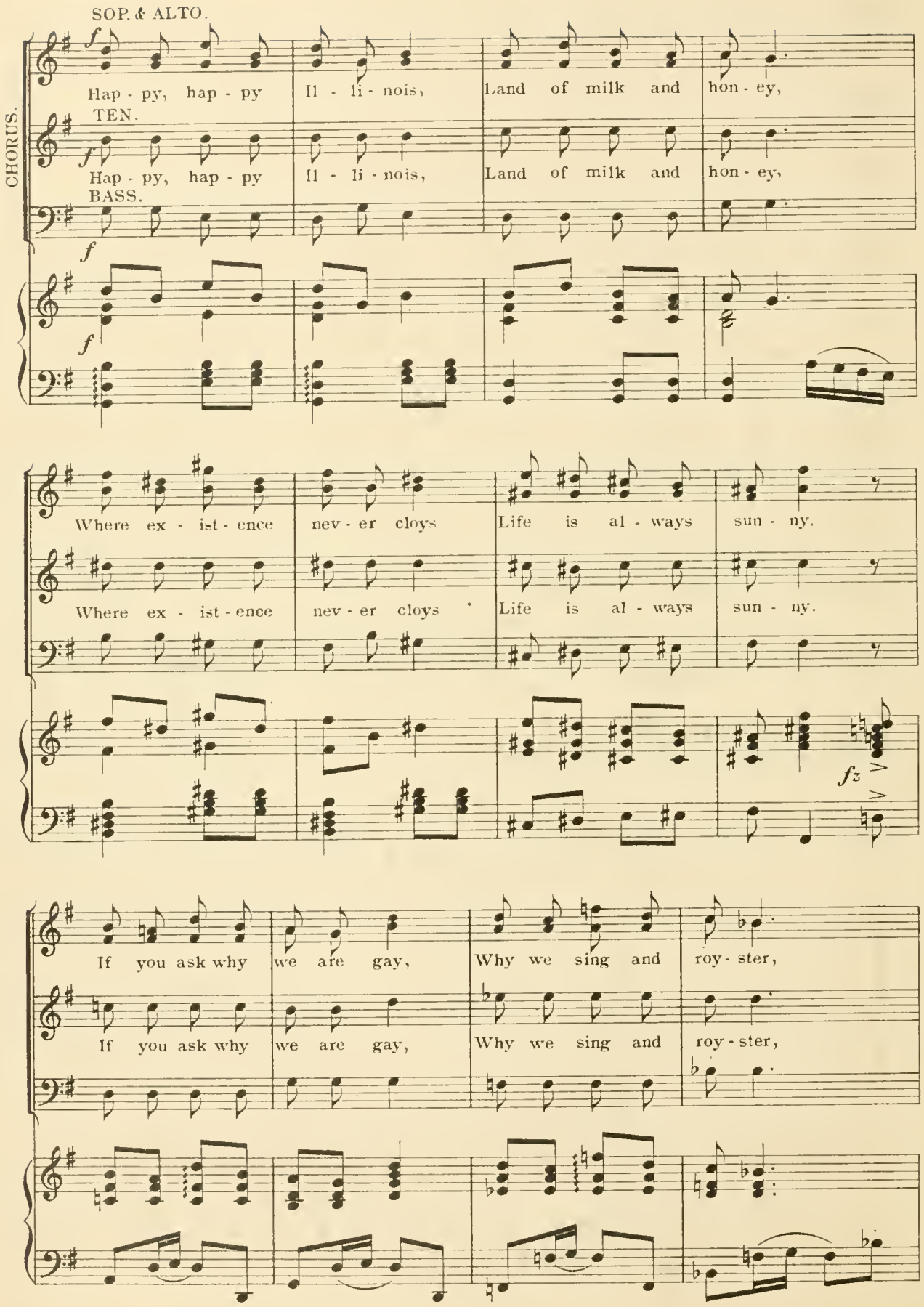
SOP. & ALTO.
CHORUS.
Hap - py, hap - py Il - li - nois, Land of milk and hon - ey,
TEN.
Hap - py, hap - py Il - li - nois, Land of milk and hon - ey,
BASS.
Where ex - ist - ence nev - er cloys Life is al - ways sun - ny.
Where ex - ist - ence nev - er cloys Life is al - ways sun - ny.
If you ask why we are gay, Why we sing and roy - ster,
If you ask why we are gay, Why we sing and roy - ster,

We ob - serve this hol - i - day By feast - ing on the

We ob - serve this hol - i - day By feast - ing on the

oys - ter, By feast - ing on the oys - ter.

oys - ter, By feast - ing on the oys - ter.

SOLO.

Moderato.

For the dain - ti - est dish, I'll tell you true. Is the

He'll tell you true.

He'll tell you true.

Moderato.

good old fash-ioned oys-ter stew. It's good e-nough for

The oys - ter stew.

The oys - ter stew.

f *p*

me and you. For me and you.

It's good e - nough for me and you. Then

It's good e - nough for me and you. Then

f *p* *f*

whoop hoo-ray for the oys - ter stew! With home-made slaw and crack-ers too.

whoop hoo-ray for the oys - ter stew! With home-made slaw and crack-ers too.

Our voi - ces glad - ly raise In loud ac-claim and heart - y praise Then

Our voi - ces glad - ly raise In loud ac-claim and heart - y praise Then

whoop hoo-ray for the oys - ter stew! With home-made slaw and crack-ers too, Our

whoop hoo-ray for the oys - ter stew! With home-made slaw and crack-ers too, Our

glad u - nit - ed voi - ces raise In loud and heart - y

glad u - nit - ed voi - ces raise In loud and heart - y

ff *f*

SLICK GIRLS.

Allegro.

mf

The

praise.

praise.

Allegro.

f *mf*

girls are slick in Hick - o - ry Crick, They're ver - y fly and snap - py Though

this is the land of the one-night stand We're not the least bit

yap-py We go from here most ev-'ry year To the

fz

state fair at Pe-o-ry. We neer o-ver-look a

pop-u-lar book or a long con-tin-ued sto-ry.

f

They

f

They

f

f

NIFTY BOYS.

We're

nev-er o-ver look

ne'er o'er look a pop-u-lar book or a long con-tin-ued sto-ry.

ne'er o'er look a pop-u-lar book or a long con-tin-ued sto-ry.

mf

nif-ty boys of Il-li-nois We've all been to Chi-caw-go We can

es-ti-mate The act-u-al weight of a-ny cow or hog-oh, We

know the tricks of

know of pol-i-tics, For that's our oc-cu-pa-tion We

don't care a cuss for feath - ers and fuss, We're a - gin all os - ten-

ta - tion.

f

They don't care a cuss for feath - ers and fuss They're a -

f

They don't care a cuss for feath - ers and fuss They're a -

f

f

mf

They're a - gin all os - ten - ta - tion

gin all os - ten - ta - tion.

gin all os - ten - ta - tion.

mf

f

Then whoop hoo-ray for the oys - ter stew! With

f

Then whoop hoo-ray for the oys - ter stew! With

f

ff *f*

home-made slaw and crack - ers too Our voi - ces glad - ly raise In

home-made slaw and crack - ers too Our voi - ces glad - ly raise In

loud ac - claim and heart - y praise Then whoop hoop - ray for the

loud ac - claim and heart - y praise Then whoop hoop - ray for the

oys - ter stew! With home-made slaw and crack - ers too Our glad u - nit - ed

oys - ter stew! With home-made slaw and crack - ers too Our glad u - nit - ed

voi - ces raise In loud and heart - y

voi - ces raise In loud and heart - y

ff *f*

praise.

praise.

ff accel.

No 2. Hifalutin' Music.

Lutie and Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE.

Moderato.

Piano.

f

rallentando.

LUTIE.

Lul - la-bies are out of date Since I went to the mu - sic school.

p

CHORUS.

Since she went to the mu - sic school.

She went to the mu - sic school.

mf

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LUTIE.

Bal - lads I can't tol - er - ate Since I went to the mu - sic school.

p

LUTIE.

The

Since she went to the mu - sic school.

She went to the mu - sic school.

mf

p

on - ly songs that will do for me Are the kind that hit the top-most C, They're

pitched in the op - er - at - ic key.

She's been to the mu - sic school.

She's

f

L'istesso tempo.

Hark! oh, heark-en to each word.

been to the mu - sic school.

This is where we get it good.

L'istesso tempo.

mf

ad lib. *rall.*

I can war-ble like a bird Ah! Ah!

Ver - y good.

sfz *p* *rall.*

Tempo di Valse.

LUTIE.

Pay at - ten-tion to my meth-od

f *p*

It's quite the thing O'er the lit - tle quar - ter notes I grace - ful - ly

swing For my voice is high - ly ra - ted, I've had it cul - ti -

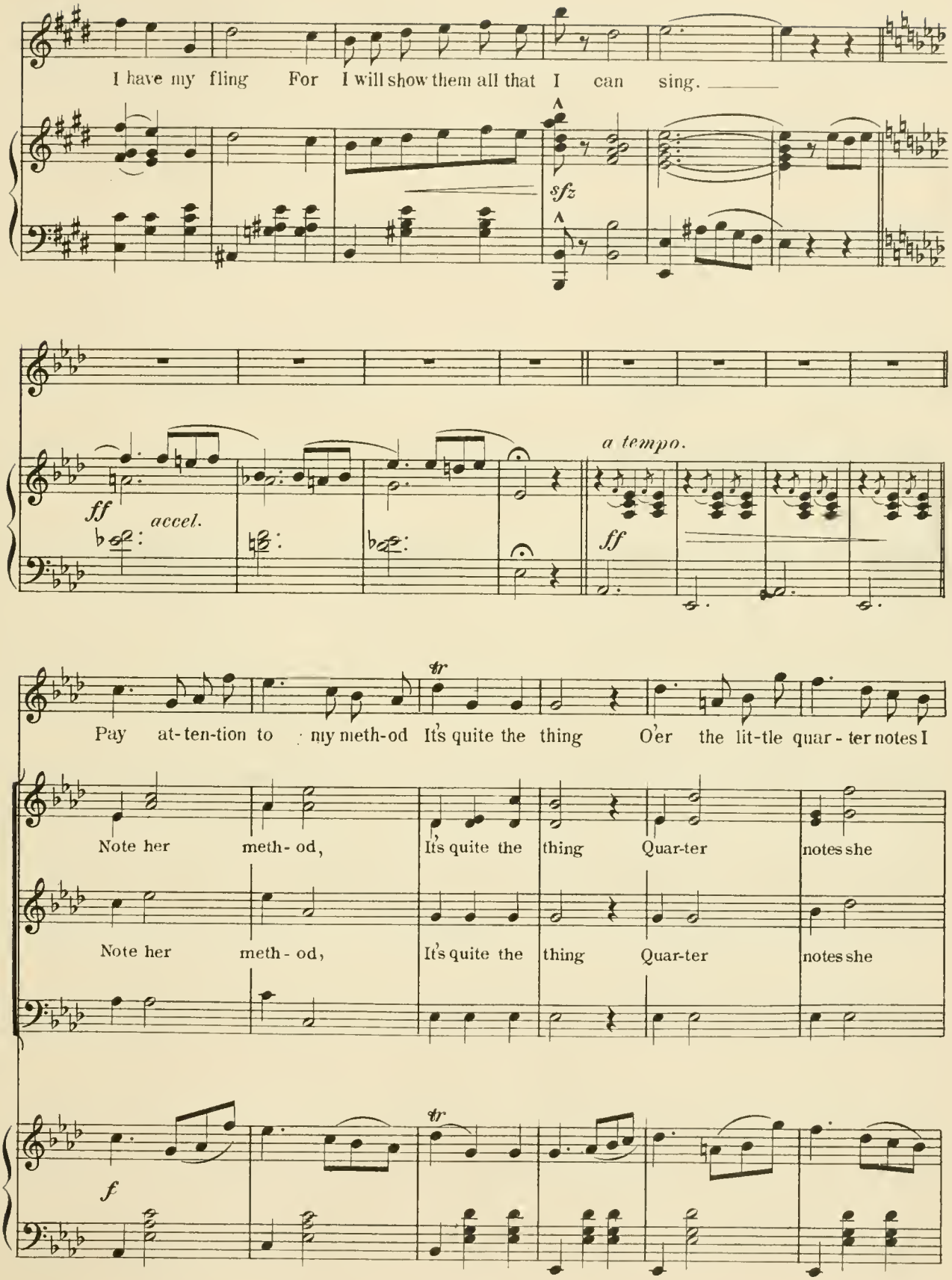
va - ted This is the kind that I_ love to_ sing.

mf

Ah! for the time when I'm on the stage And press and pub - lic both u -

p

nite in say - ing that I am the rage. Hast - en the day when


I have my fling For I will show them all that I can sing.
sfz
ff
accel.
a tempo.
ff
tr
Pay at-ten-tion to my meth-od It's quite the thing O'er the lit-tle quar-ter notes I
Note her meth-od, It's quite the thing Quar-ter notes she
Note her meth-od, It's quite the thing Quar-ter notes she
tr
f

tr

grace-ful - ly swing For my voice is high - ly ra-ted, I've had it cul- tiv-

grace-ful - ly swings High-ly ra - ted is her

grace-ful - ly swings High-ly ra - ted is her

tr

cresc.

a - ted This is the kind that I love to sing, My voice is ra - ted

voice This is the kind that she loves to sing Her voice is ra - ted

voice This is the kind that she loves to sing Her voice is ra - ted

cresc.

ff

cul- ti -va - ted, It's quite the thing And I know that I

ff

cul - ti - va - ted It's quite the thing And we know that she,

cul - ti - va - ted It's quite the thing And we know that she,

ff

ff

rall.

can sing.

she can sing.

she can sing.

rall.

rall.

ff *accel.*

sffz

ACT I. SCENE I.

No 3. Finale.

Allegro.

Piano.

f

CHORUS.

Good - bye,

Good-bye, good-bye, Per - haps you'll ne'er re -

Good-bye, good-bye, Per - haps you'll ne'er re -

f

turn You're go - - ing far, so far a - way Where

turn You're go - - ing far, so far a - way Where

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one from the west, though he does his best Is rat - ed as a

one from the west, though he does his best Is rat - ed as a

jay, jay, jay. Good - bye, good - bye, if

jay, jay, jay. Good - bye, good - bye, if

fz *mf*

mon - ey you've to burn Per - haps they'll let you

mon - ey you've to burn Per - haps they'll let you

stay You'll live in style For a

stay You'll live in style For a

f

lit - tle while if on - ly you can pay, pay,

lit - tle while if on - ly you can pay, pay,

pay If on - ly you can pay.

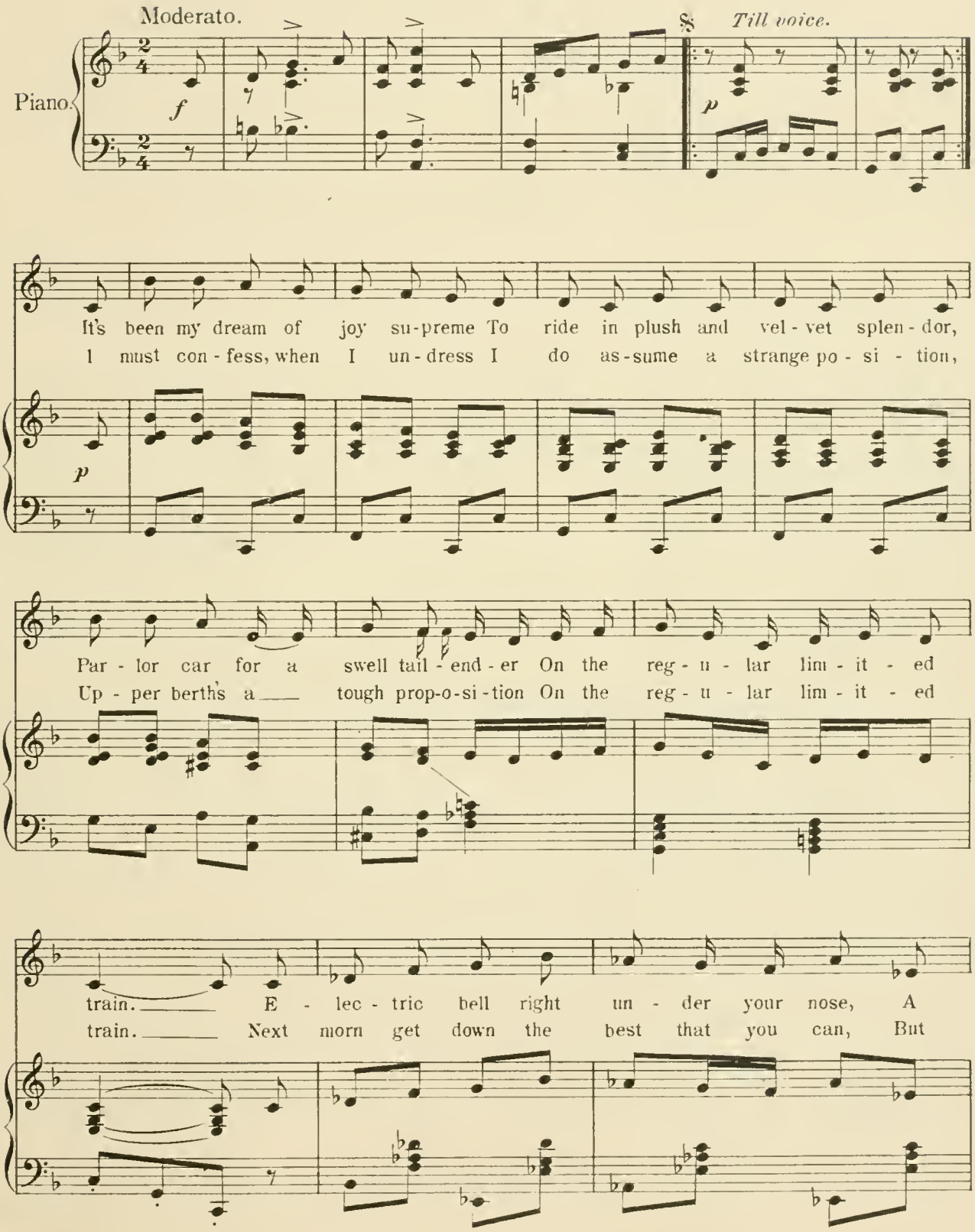
pay If on - ly you can pay.

rall - en-tan-do. *a tempo.* *fz*

The Regular Limited Train.

No 4.

Plummer and Chorus.



por - ter to come and brush your clothes, An up - per berth for a
when you crawl from your di - van, Your foot comes down on a

nights' re - pose, On the reg - u - lar lim - it - ed train.
trav' - ling man On the reg - u - lar lim - it - ed train.

The reg - u - lar, the fast lim-it-ed train.

CHORUS.

The reg-u-lar, lim- i - ty, im- i - ty, lim-i - ty, reg-u-lar lim-it-ed train.

The reg - - u - - lar, the lim - it - ed train.

f *a tempo.*

REFRAIN.

Biff! Bang! A mile a min - ute, No oth - er meth - od of

p

trav - el is in it, I want to go shoot - ing and scoot - ing and toot - ing A -

2. rip - ping and zip - ping and tip - ping A -

way on the beau - ti - ful reg - u - - lar Lim - i - ty,

im - i - ty, im - i - ty, reg - u - lar lim - it - ed train.

CHORUS.

f *unis.*

Biff! Bang! a mile a min-ute, No oth - er meth-od of trav-el is in it I

f

Biff! Bang! a mile a min-ute, No oth - er meth-od of trav-el is in it I

f

f

want to go shoot-ing and scoot-ing and toot - ing A - way on the beau-ti -ful reg - u -
rip-ping and zip - ping and tip-ping A -

want to go shoot-ing and scoot-ing and toot - ing A - way on the beau-ti -ful reg - u -
rip-ping and zip - ping and tip-ping A -

-lar Lim - i - ty, im - i - ty, im - i - ty, reg-u - lar lim-it - ed train.

-lar Lim - i - ty, im - i - ty, im - i - ty, reg-u - lar lim-it - ed train.

sfz *D.S.*

ACT I. SCENE II.

Opening Chorus.

Lily and Female Chorus.

Nº 5a

Moderato.

Piano.

mf

CHORUS.

SOP.

What ho! ev - 'ry sto - ry must have a be - gin - ning, That's why we are sing - ing to you _____ We'll own that we're maid - ens both win - some and win - ning Con-

ALTO.

f

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beau - - ty

fess-ion that's can-did but true.— We tell of beau-ty and style

We al-ways must tell of our beau-ty and style And ad-

p *cresc.*

flirt and to be-guile

And to flirt and be-guile So that all may know, we're not plain or slow,

mit we know how to flirt and be-guile

cresc.

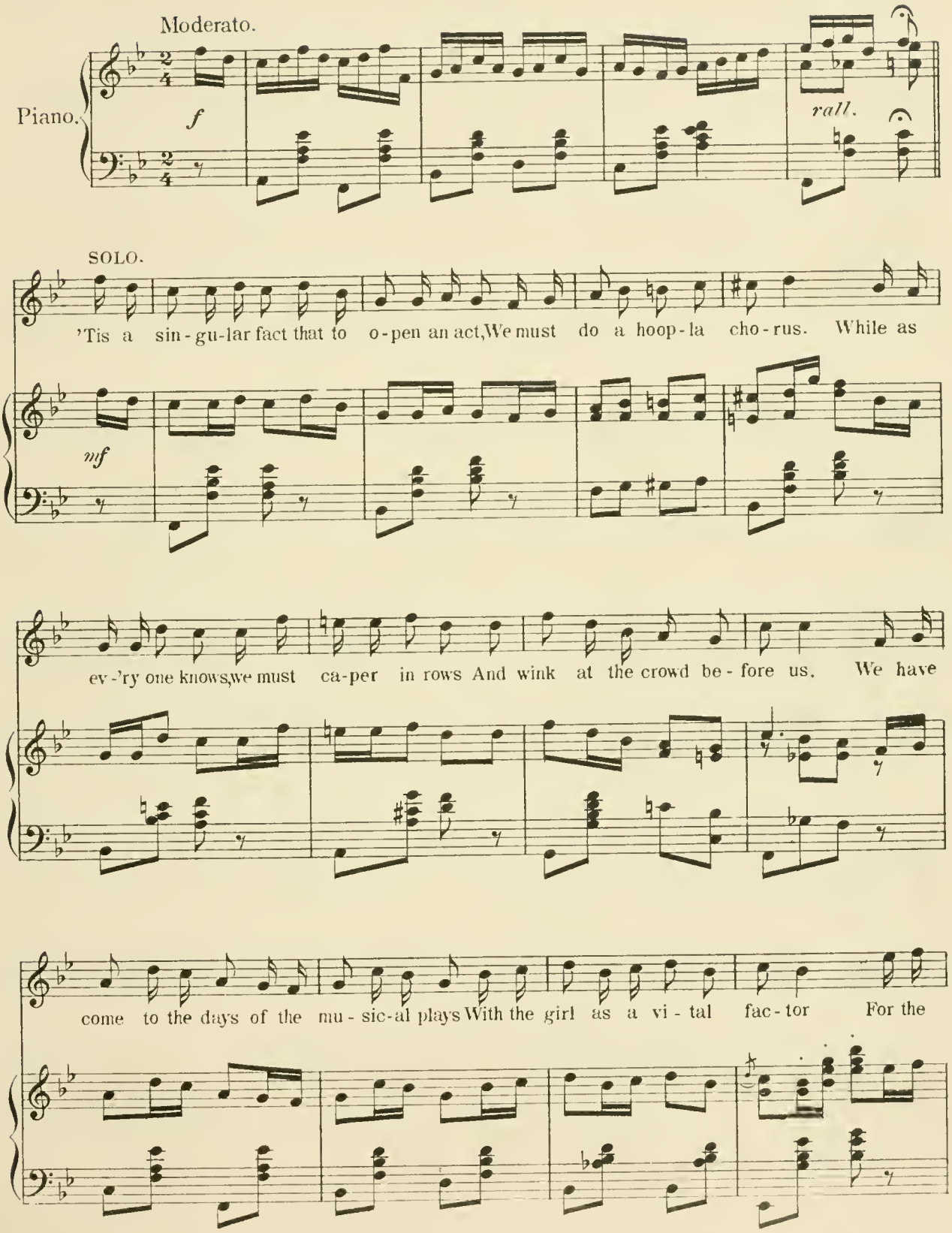
Gay and free we must be.

f *mf* *ff* *rall*

We Are the Principals.

Lily.

№ 5b



gay cor-y-phee now is hav-ing her day She's more of a card than the ac-tor.

rit.

Moderato.

They may call us the cho-rus But we are the prin-ci-pals; We're

Allegretto.

ff *p* *tr*

prin-ci-pal at-trac-tion and at-tract-ing is our forte. The men seem to a-dore us And

say we're the prin-ci-pals. The per-sons men-tioned on the bill are

rall. *a tempo*

our sup-port.

SOP.

They may call us the cho - rus But we are the prin - ci - pals We're

ALTO.

rall. *ff* *a tempo.* *tr*

The men seem to a-dore us And

prin - ci - pal at - trac-tion and at - tract-ing is our forte.

mf

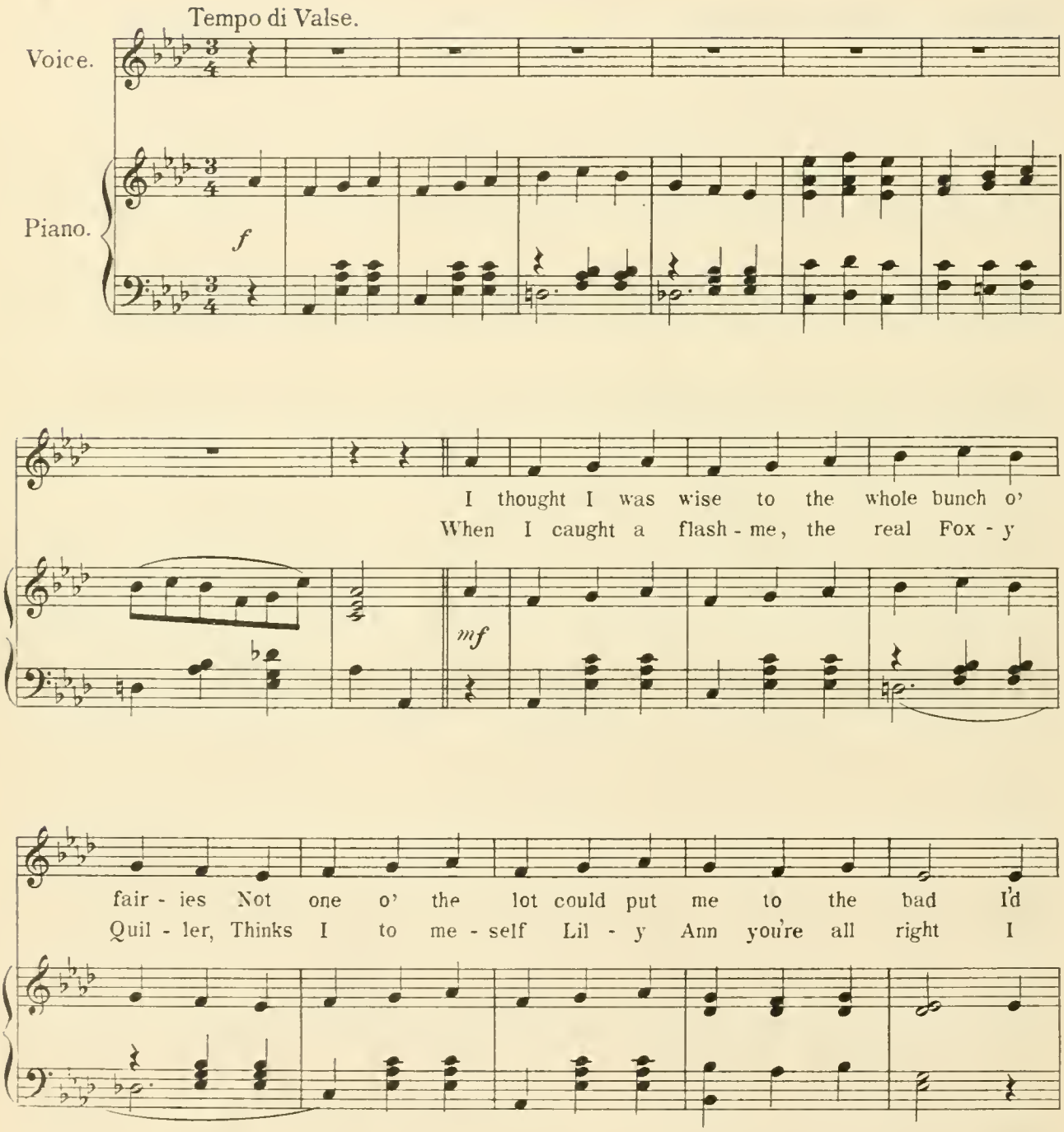
say we're the prin - ci - pals The per-sons men-tioned on the bill are our sup - port.

The per - sons men-tioned on the bill are our sup - port.

sfz *sfz*

I Like You, Lil, For Fair.

№ 6.

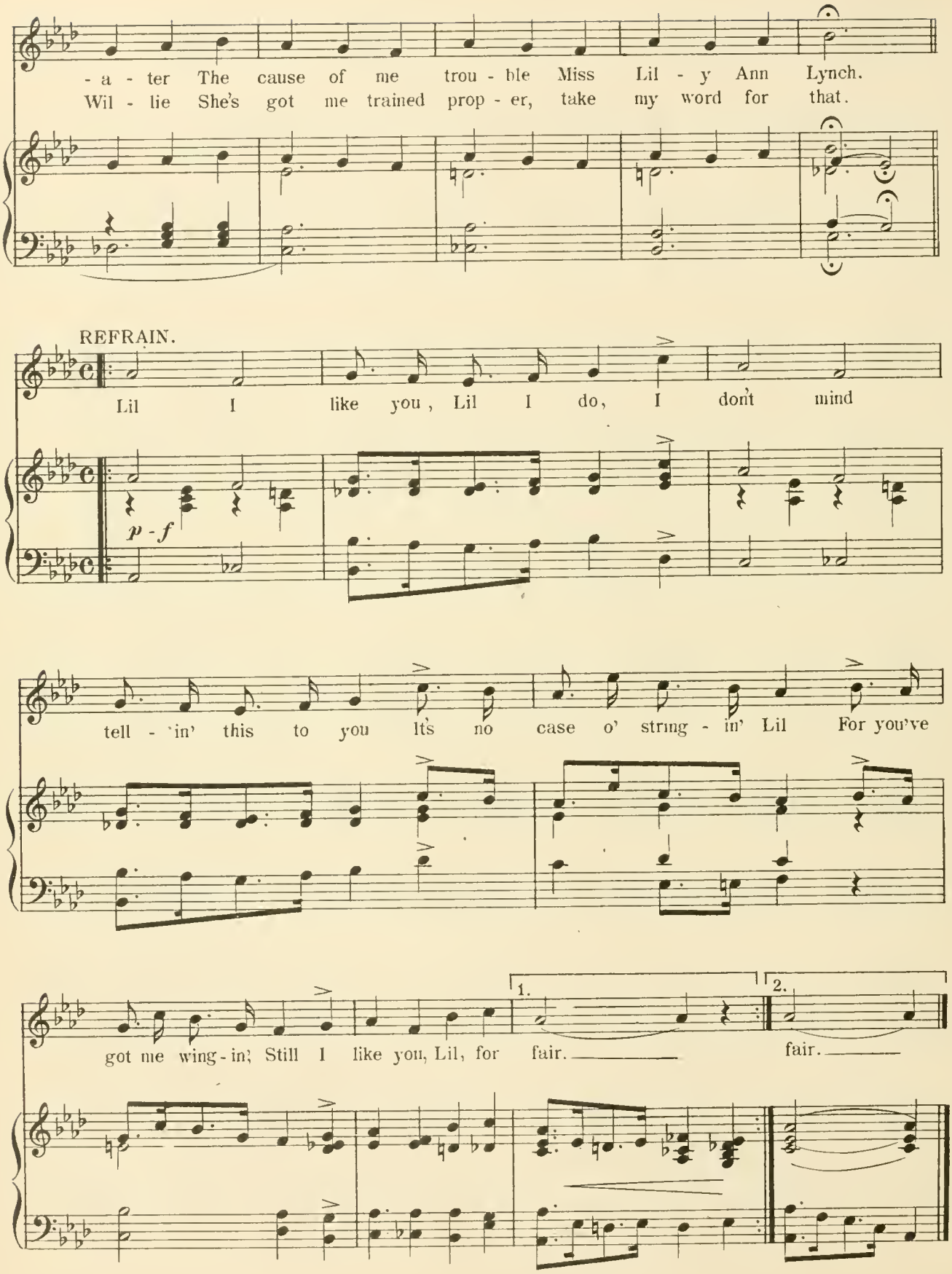


min - gled a lot with your Mauds and your Car - ries If
says to the gang: "Watch me stroll up an kill 'er I'll

one tried to kid she was sor - ry she had But ev - 'ry fly
cop out that prin - cess She's mine from to - night" But say when I

mug gets it soon - er or la - ter I know that this cal - i - co
tried to get new wit' Miss Lil - y She come back so hard, me Ka -

game is no cinch Since I met at the ten, twent an' tir - ty, te -
zing! to the mat An ___ now I'm as tame as a cloth - in' store


- a - ter The cause of me trou - ble Miss Lil - y Ann Lynch.
Wil - lie She's got me trained prop - er, take my word for that.
REFRAIN.
Lil I like you, Lil I do, I don't mind
p - f
tell - 'in' this to you It's no case o' string - in' Lil For you've
got me wing - in'; Still I like you, Lil, for fair.
fair.
1.
2.

No 7. We're True To The College Days.

Alexander and Students.

Words by
Wm D NESBIT.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE.

Moderato.

Piano.

f

There are no days like the good old days When we were col - lege
All o'er the world you will find the boys Who shared our joy and

p

chums; The mem - o - ry of the fun and frays To
woe. Their hearts hold the ech - o of the noise We

ns for - ev - er comes. We met in the best of
made so long a - go. Back to the cam - pus they

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com rade-ship, And life was a song and jest, With
go in dreams, Though paths may lie east or west. They

rous-ing yell ev-er on the lip, For those days were the best.
see the days with the gold-en gleams, The days that were the best.

rall.

REFRAIN.
Andante moderato.

p

Rare old, fair old col-lege days, The days that were best of

all. With foot-ball hair And a sol-emn stare, And a

brand new yell each fall. Nev - er to bed 'till the

town was red, Or while we'd a cub to haze. We've for -

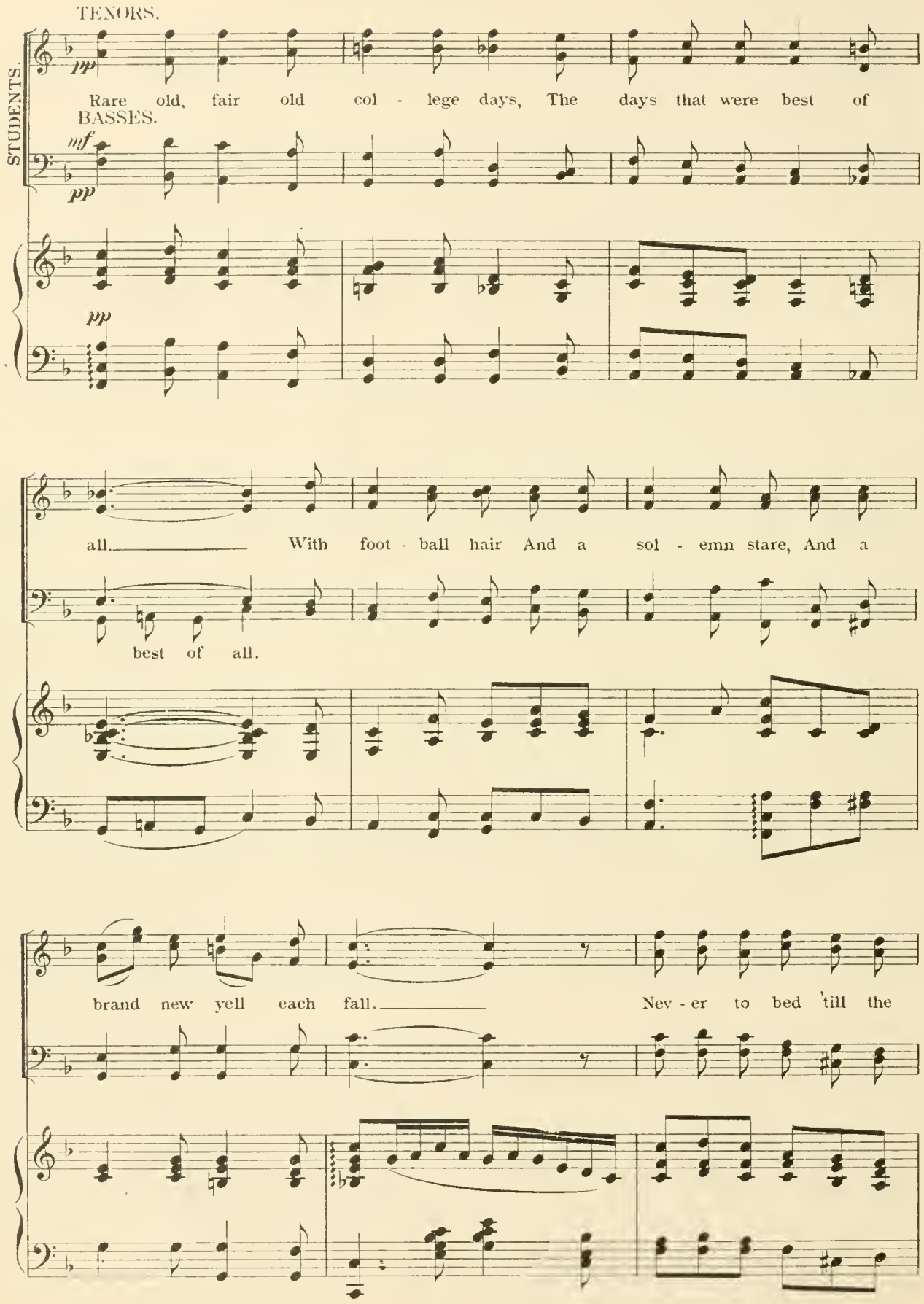
rall.

got - ten the looks of the must - y books, But we're true to the col - lege

rall.

days, We're true to the col - lege days.

f


TENORS.
STUDENTS.
pp
Rare old, fair old col - lege days, The days that were best of
BASSES.
mf
pp
pp
all. With foot - ball hair And a sol - emn stare, And a
best of all.
brand new yell each fall. Nev - er to bed 'till the

town was red, Or while we'd a cub to haze. We've for -

cub to haze.

rall. *mf* *pp*

got ten the looks of the must - y books, But we're true to the col - lege

f *pp* *mf*

rall. *f* *pp*

days, We're true to the col - lege days.

rall. *D. C.*

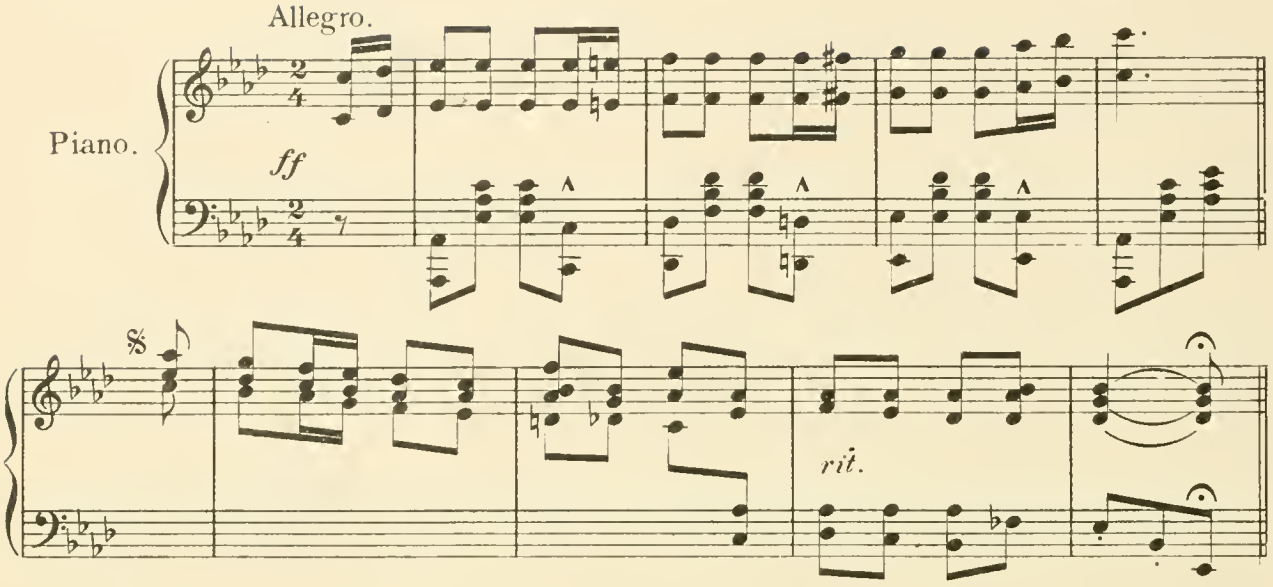
№ 8.

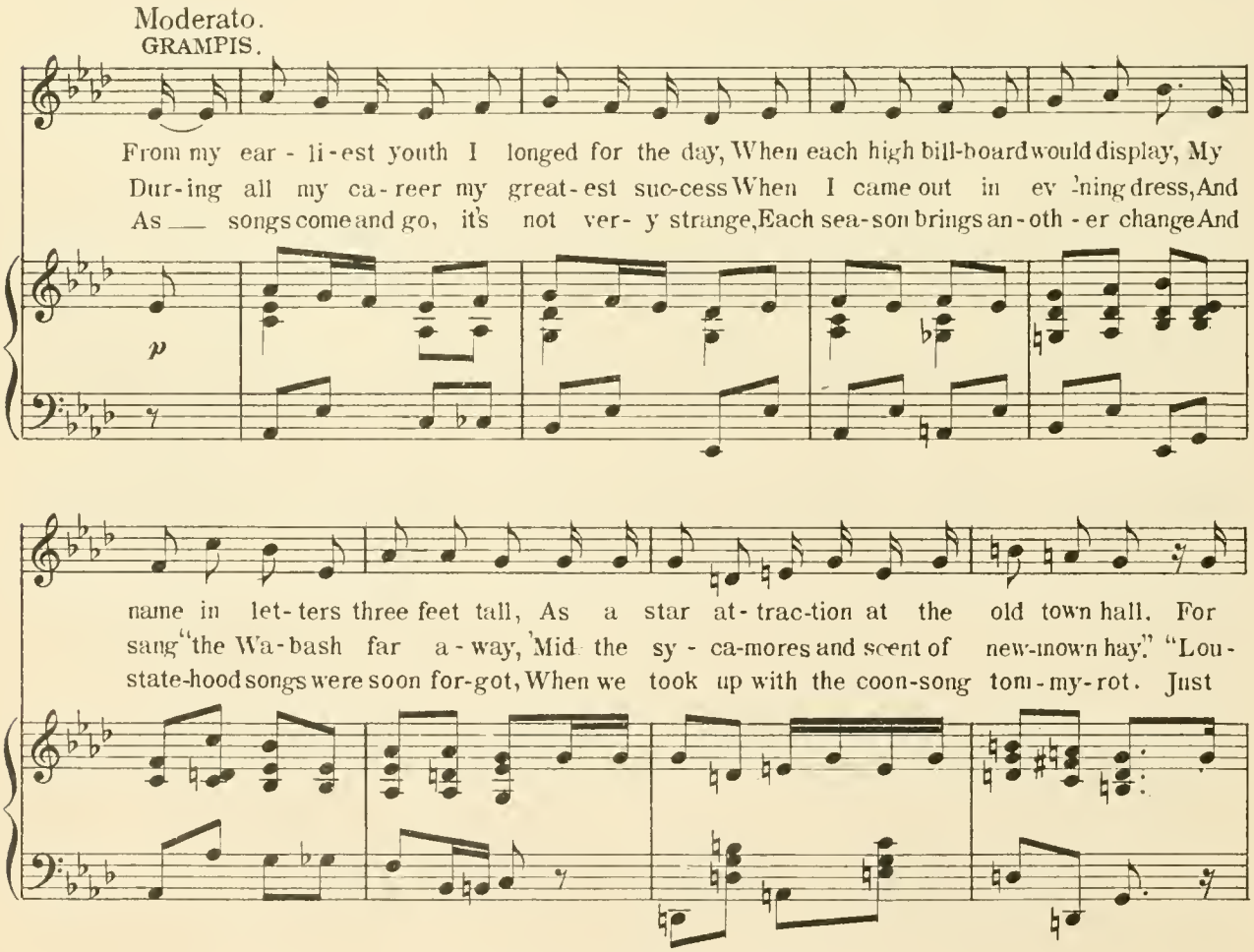
Art.

Grampis and Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE.





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those were the days when the black-face king Would tick - le the tam-bo while he'd sing A
i - si - an - a Lou," "My Ken-tuc - ky Home", Or "Back to Vir-gin - ia let me roam" Old
now we pre-fer to in - dulge in praise, Of the Black - town set, the ma - ny ways In

rall.

good old Bil - ly Em - er - son song, To the tap-ping heels of the hap - py throng.
Mis - sis - sip' and Al - a - bam', Are the fav-'rite themes of the vo - cal ham.
which the char-coal lov - er tries, To be num-ber one with a girl named Lize.

rall.

Nº 1. After 1st. Verse only.

Moderato.

p

The daf- fo - dil and the hon - ey-suck - le too, For - get - - me - not and vi - o - let

blue. I plucked them all and gave them to you, My lit - tle sweet-heart Nell.

Allegro.

Now it all comes un - der the head of art, As a first-part moke I

mf

got my start. When I ran - a-way from home With the Hav - er - ly's to roam I did it

f

in the cause of art, I did it in the cause of art.

CHORUS.

f

He did it in the cause of art.

f

He did it in the cause of art.

f

f

f

D.S.

MALE QUARTETTE.

No 2. Moderato. After 2nd. Verse only.

TENORS.

Fond mem-o - ry re - verts to-day To child-hood's home so far a-way, To

BASSES.

p

dar - ling old Ne - bras-ka, The state where I was born. I was born My

born

born

rit.

old birth place I see once more The mort-gage that it al-ways wore A-

mid the oats, the tim - o - thy, The clo - ver and the corn.

rall.

rall.

Allegro.

GRAMPIS.

Now it all comes un - der the head of art, For I know the songs that

mf

reach the heart. When I sang this touch-ing lay Of the state near I - o - way, I did it

f

in the cause of art, I did it in the cause of art.

CHORUS.

f

He did it in the cause of art.

f

He did it in the cause of art.

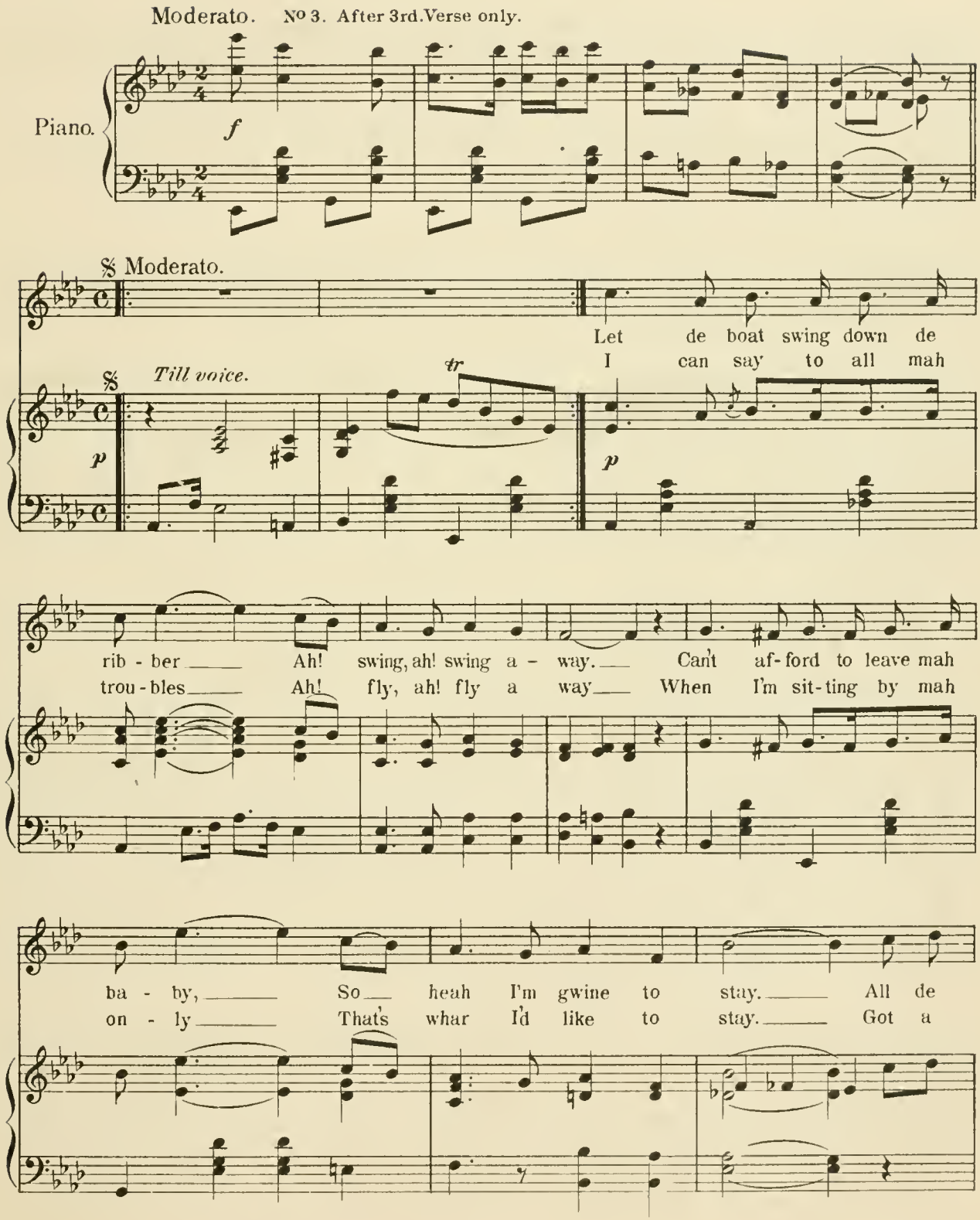
f

f

f

D.S.

№ 9. My Emmaleen.



coons a - long de wa - ter - front am try - in! Foh to steal mah Em - ma -
voice as sweet as New Or - leans mo - las - ses An' I'll gam - ble you ain't

tr

leen To dis - lo-cate mah hap-py home An' grab dis col-ored queen.
seen Such in - can-des-cent 'lec-tric eyes As those of Em-ma - leen.

rit.

REFRAIN.
Moderato.

Lov - ey, my dov - ey, dov - ey dove Ham-bone can't com - pare.

p

Pep - per-mint and win - ter-green Not so sweet as Em-ma-leen.

fz

So sweet as Em - ma, my Em - ma - leen.

So sweet as Em - ma - leen - a, leen - a, my Em - ma - leen.

CHORUS.

f Lov - ey my dov - ey, dov-ey dove, Ham-bone can't com - pare.

f Lov - ey my dov - ey, dov-ey dove, Ham-bone can't com - pare.

f

f

Pep - per-mint and win - ter - green, Not so sweet as Em-ma-leen.

Pep - per-mint and win - ter - green, Not so sweet as Em-ma-leen.

fz

So sweet as Em - ma, my Em - ma - leen.

So sweet as Em - ma, my Em - ma - leen.

So sweet as Em - ma - leen - a, leen - a, my Em - ma - leen.

So sweet as Em - ma - leen - a, leen - a, my Em - ma - leen.

D.S.

The Girl Who Comes in From the West.

No. 10.

DUET.

Lutie and Grampis.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE.

Tempo di Valse.

Piano

f

LUTIE

Like a breath from the flow - er strewn prai - rie Like a breeze from the
If you speak to this bash - ful young crea - ture She will blush such a

p

wood - land far With a smile that is mod - est - ly
ro - sy hue If the game of flir - ta - tion you'd

tr

GRAM.

mer - ry And a wink like the twink of a star She
teach her She will say: "Go a - way, oh, please do" I've

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comes to this great wick - ed cit - y And tim - id - ly
heard that some girls in the cit - y Are in-clined to be

watch - es the show Of win - ing and din - ing and
e - qual - ly shy But you girls are true girls and

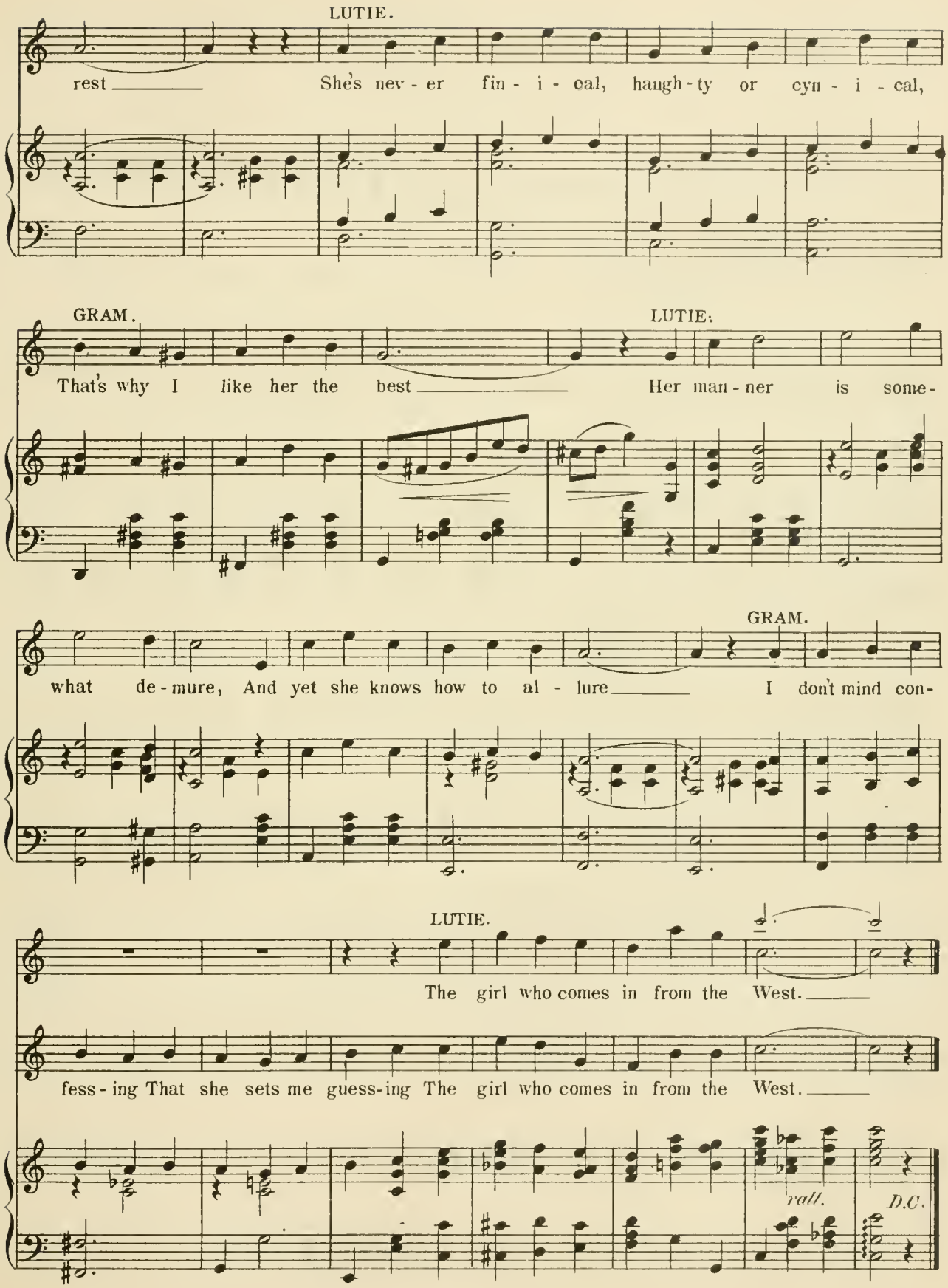
so - cial out - shin - ing She longs to get in – to the go.
there are but few girls, Ap - peal to a man such as I.

rit.

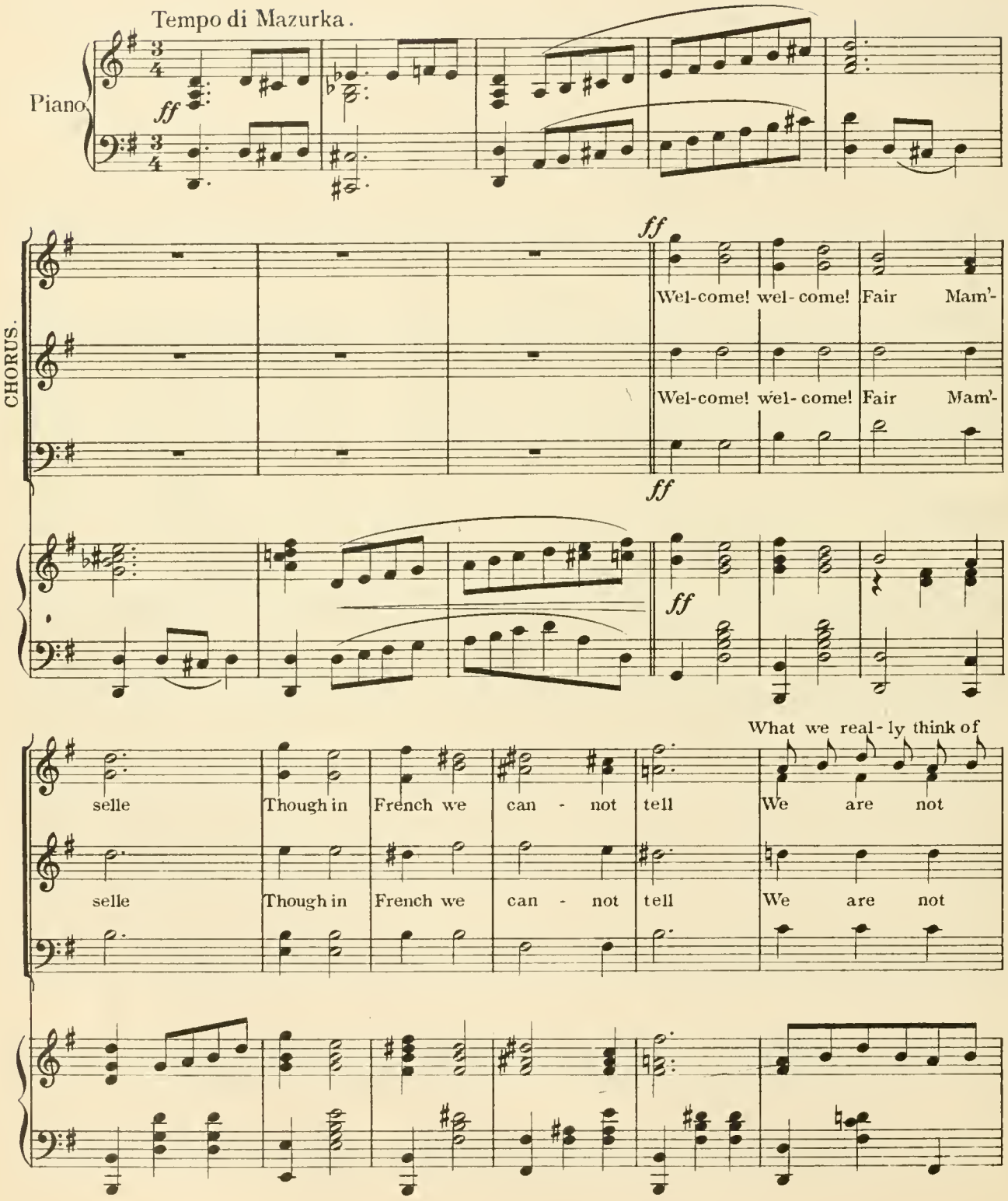
REFRAIN.
LUTIE. GRAM.

The girl who comes in from the West She's not just the same as the

p


LUTIE.
rest She's nev - er fin - i - cal, haugh - ty or cyn - i - cal,
GRAM.
That's why I like her the best
LUTIE.
Her man - ner is some-
what de - mure, And yet she knows how to al - lure
GRAM.
I don't mind con-
LUTIE.
The girl who comes in from the West.
fess - ing That she sets me guess-ing The girl who comes in from the West.
rall.
D.C.

Nº 11. Welcome Chorus.



you We're not up in "par - ley - voo".

up In "par - ley - voo". But still we will, oh!

up In "par - ley - voo". But still we will, oh!

beau - ti - ful co - quette Ex-claim "bon jour" Mam'selle Fleu - rette. "Bon jour Mam'-

beau - ti - ful co - quette Ex-claim "bon jour" Mam'selle Fleu - rette. "Bon jour Mam'-

selle, Dear Mam'-selle Fleu - rette *rall.* Wel-come, Mam'-selle, Mam'selle Fleu - rette.

selle, Dear Mam'-selle Fleu - rette Wel-come, Mam'-selle, Mam'selle Fleu - rette.

rall.

Gay Fleurette.

No 12.

Peggy and Chorus

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE.

Allegro.

Piano.

f

Tempo di Valse.

PEGGY.

She is a dam - sel who's known as a Mam'-selle Her home — la belle Pa - ree. Men flock a - bout her They can't do with - out her They mur - mur "Mon cher - ie:"

You see her dai - ly, all decked out so gai - ly, Up - on the bou - le - vard. Such a sen - sa - tion! Her new worth cre - a - tion, Ten thous - and francs a yard.

p

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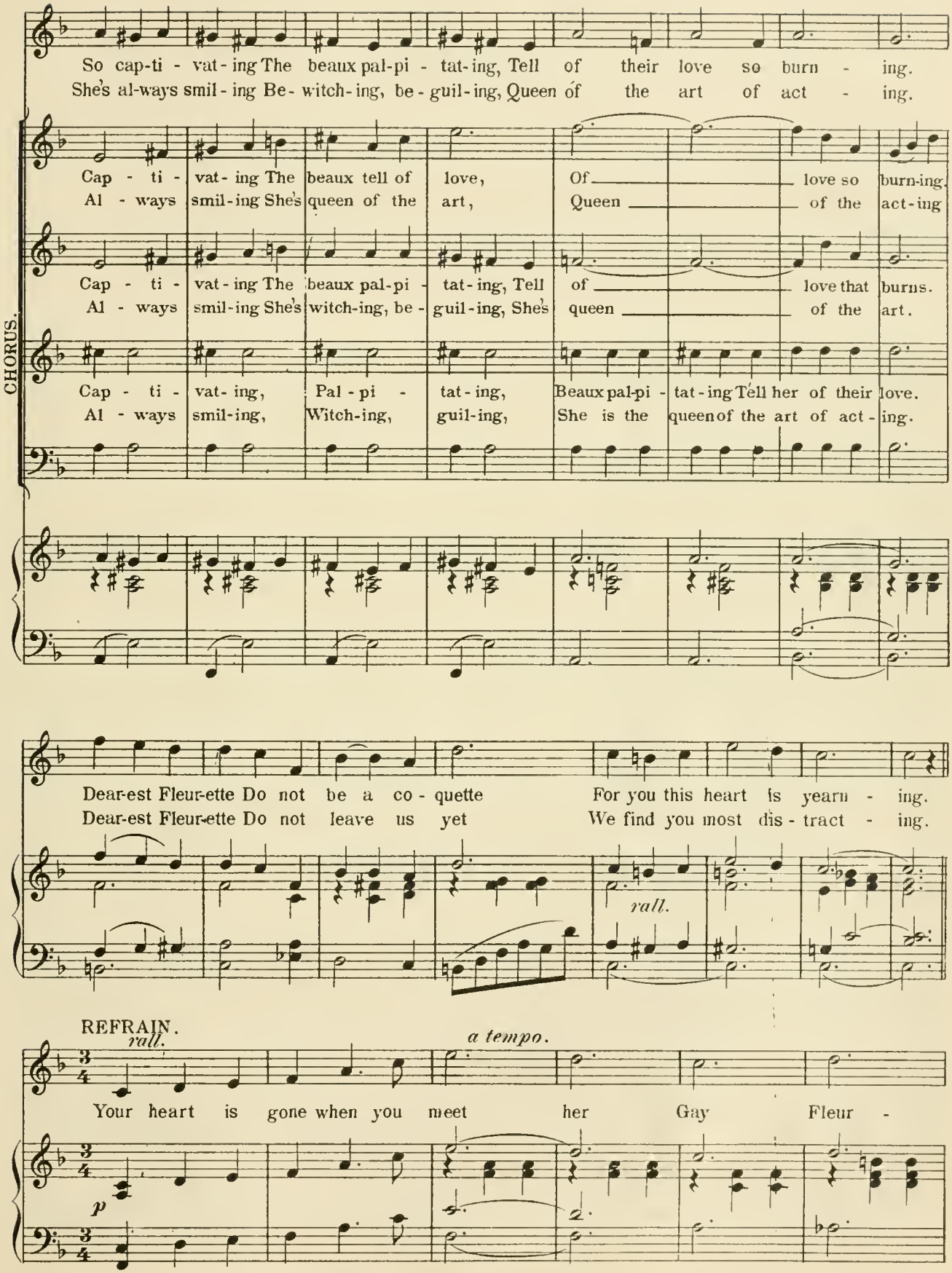
So cap-ti - vat - ing The beaux pal-pi - tat-ing, Tell of their love so burn - ing.
She's al-ways smil - ing Be - witch-ing, be - guil-ing, Queen of the art of act - ing.
Cap - ti - vat - ing The beaux tell of love, Of love so burn-ing.
Al - ways smil-ing She's queen of the art, Queen of the act-ing
Cap - ti - vat - ing The beaux pal-pi - tat - ing, Tell of love that burns.
Al - ways smil-ing She's witch-ing, be - guil-ing, She's queen of the art.
CHORUS.
Cap - ti - vat- ing, Pal - pi - tat - ing, Beaux pal-pi - tat - ing Tell her of their love.
Al - ways smil-ing, Witch-ing, guil-ing, She is the queen of the art of act - ing.
Dear-est Fleur-ette Do not be a co - quette For you this heart is yearn - ing.
Dear-est Fleur-ette Do not leave us yet We find you most dis - tract - ing.
rall.
REFRAIN.
rall.
a tempo.
Your heart is gone when you meet her Gay Fleur -
p

rall. *a tempo.*

ette No oth-er maid en is sweet - er Gay

rall. *a tempo.*

Fleur - - ette Hum-bly you beg and en-treat her

rall.

Pride of all Pa - ree Mam'-selle be - lieve me Don't

try to de - ceive me Fleur-ette I love but thee.

rit. e cresc.

When you meet her Gay Fleur - ette,

f *rall.* *a tempo.*

Your heart is gone when you meet her Gay Fleur - ette,

f

Your heart is gone when you meet her Gay Fleur - ette,

f

She has won your heart

f *rall.* *a tempo.*

No one's sweet - er Gay Fleur - - ette.

rall. *a tempo.*

No oth - er maid-en is sweet - er Gay Fleur - - ette.

No oth - er maid-en is sweet - er Gay Fleur - - ette.

None is sweet - er

rall. *a tempo.*

Hum-bly you beg and en - treat her Pride of all gay Pa - ree,

rall. *a tempo.*

Hum bly you beg and en - treat her Pride of all Pa - ree,

Hum bly you beg and en - treat her Pride of all Pa - ree, Pride of all Pa-ree,

rall. *a tempo.*

Mam' - - selle do not de-ceive me Fleur-ette I love but thee.

Mam'selle be - lieve me Don't try to de - ceive me Fleur-ette I love but thee.

Mam'selle be - lieve me Don't try to de - ceive me Fleur-ette I love but thee.

rall. *D.S.*

Nº 13.

Finale I.

Principals and Chorus.

Allegro. GRAM. *Recit.* Moderato.

Most en - tranc - ing for-eign la-dy We are

ff *mf*

hon-ored by your pres - ence here to - day. PEGGY. Mer - ci, Mon-sieur, You

are so ver- y good, I'd make a lit - tle speech in Eng- lish if I could PLUM. That

mf *mf*

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Allegro.

HAR.

Oh!

PEGGY (to Alex.)

A -

voice! that face! I must be go - ing mad. That

Allegro.

wot an 'ap - py day, I've found my dear old dad.

las! un - hap - py day I've lost my dad.

voice! that face I must be go - ing mad.

CHORUS.

f

That

f

That

f

PEGGY. My voice! My face! He thinks he's go - ing mad.

HAR. Oh!

ALEX. Your voice! Your face! He thinks he's go - ing mad.

voice! that face! He must be go - ing mad. Oh!

voice! that face! He must be go - ing mad. Oh!

f

wot an 'ap - py day, I've found my dear old dad.

GRAM. And

what a hap - py day, She's found her dear old dad.

what a hap - py day, She's found her dear old dad.

Quasi recit.

now a lit - tle tri - bute to this love - ly queen of song.

And

And

p

f

now a lit - tle tri - bute to this love - ly queen of song.

now a lit - tle tri - bute to this love - ly queen of song.

ff

PRINCIPALS.

Allegro. *rall.* *a tempo.*

f

Vive la! Vive la! Love - ly queen of song, Wit - ness this ad-mir - ing

f

Allegro.

f *rall.* *a tempo.*

throng When you sing a French - y song. We sus - pect that

rall.

rall.

a tempo.

it's a tri - fle wrong Then all our hearts to you be - long.

a tempo.

ff

CHORUS.

ff

Vive la! Vive la! Love - ly queen of song, Wit-ness this ad-mir-ing throng When you

ff

Vive la! Vive la! Love - ly queen of song, Wit-ness this ad-mir-ing throng When you

ff

ff a tempo.

sing a French-y song. We sus-pect that it is wrong, When you sing a

sing a French-y song. We sus-pect that it is wrong, When you sing a

Moderato.

PLUM

p

I am

French-y song, Wit-ness this ad - mir-ing throng, Our hearts to you be - long.

French-y song, Wit-ness this ad - mir-ing throng, Our hearts to you be - long.

Moderato.

rall.

p

(Indicating Peggy.)

in a whirl, I'd swear this girl is the one I came to town to

coll voce.

(Indicating Har.)

see, Oh! can it be true That such as you Could be of a - ny kin to

(Indicating Peggy.)

me? The one that I'd call my own is stand - ing there, She does-n't seem to know me and she

Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

Tempo di Marcia.

ff PEGGY.

does - n't care I don't know what it's a-bout, For I am all knocked out. He is

LUTIE & HAR. with SOP. & ALTO.

ff He is

ALEX. & FISH. with TEN.

ff He is

GRAM. & REG. with BASS

ff Tempo di Marcia.

rall. *ff*

in a whirl, I am his girl, And the one he came to town to

in a whirl, He'd swear this girl, Is the one he came to town to

in a whirl, He'd swear this girl, Is the one he came to town to

see. It could ne'er be true that such as you, Of

see. Oh! can it be true that such as you Of

see. Oh! can it be true that such as you Of

a - ny kin to him could be. Ah!

a - ny kin to him could be? But the one that he would call his own Does-n't

a - ny kin to him could be? But the one that he would call his own Does-n't

8

I do real - ly care. He knows not what it's

seem to know and does - n't care. He knows not what it's

seem to know and does - n't care. He knows not what it's

8

Moderato.

all a - bout For he is all knocked out.

all a - bout For he is all knocked out.

all a - bout For he is all knocked out.

Moderato.

ff *rall.*

LUTIE & PEGGY.

Dear col - lege days, the best of

COLLEGE BOYS.

f

Rare old, fair old col - lege days, The days that were best of

all.

all With foot - ball hair And a sol - emn stare And a

best of all

Yell each fall.

brand new yell each fall. Nev - er to bed 'till the

Or while they'd a cub to haze.

town was red, Or while we'd a cub to haze. We've for - cub to haze.

The books.

rall. *f* *mf*

got - ten the looks of the mus - ty books. But we're

f *mf*

rall. *f* *mf*

They're true to the col - lege days.

true to the col - lege days, We're true to the col - lege days.

rall.

Allegro.

Tempo di Valse.

p PEGGY.

Your heart is gone when you

CHORUS.

p

She has

p

She has

p

Allegro.

f

Tempo di Valse.

p

meet her, Gay Fleur - - ette.

your heart Gay Fleur - - ette.

your heart Gay Fleur - - ette.

Gay Fleur - ette there is

No oth - er maid - en is sweet - er Gay Fleur -

No maid's sweet - er Gay Fleur -

No maid's sweet - er Gay Fleur -

ette Hum - bly you beg and en - treat her

ette. You en - - treat her

ette. You en - - treat her

None is sweet - er

Pride of all Pa - ree. Mam-selle be - lieve me Don't

Gay Fleur - - - ette. Mam'-selle be - lieve me Don't

Gay Fleur - - - ette. You en - treat her. Mam'-selle be - lieve me Don't

try to de - ceive me Dear Mam - selle Fleur - ette.

try to de - ceive me Dear Mam - selle Fleur - ette.

try to de - ceive me Dear Mam - selle Fleur - ette.

rall. e cresc.

LUTIE & PEGGY.

When you meet her Gay Fleur - -

ff *rall.* *a tempo.*

Your heart is gone when you meet her Gay Fleur - -

ff *rall.* *a tempo.*

Your heart is gone when you meet her Gay Fleur - -

rall. *a tempo.*

Your heart is gone when you meet her Gay Fleur - -

ff

ff *rall.* *a tempo.*

ette. No one's sweet - - er,

rall. *a tempo.*

ette. No oth - er maid - en is sweet - - er,

rall. *a tempo.*

ette No oth - er maid - en is sweet - - er,

rall. *a tempo.*

ette No oth - er maid - en is sweet - - er,

She has won your heart

rall. *a tempo.*

Gay Fleur - - ette You en - -

rall *a tempo.*

Gay Fleur - - ette Hum - bly you beg and en -

rall *a tempo.*

Gay Fleur - ette Hum - bly you beg and en -

rall *a tempo.*

Gay Fleur - ette Hum - bly you beg and en -

None is sweet - er

rall *a tempo.*

treat her Pride of all gay Pa - ree.

treat her Pride of all Pa - ree.

treat her Pride of all Pa - ree.

Pride of all Pa - ree.

treat her Pride of all Pa - ree.

Mam' - - selle, Do not de - ceive me Fleur-ette I

rall.

Mam'-selle be - lieve me Don't try to de - ceive me Fleur-ette I

rall.

Mam'-selle be - lieve me Don't try to de - ceive me Fleur-ette I

rall.

Mam'-selle be - lieve me Don't try to de - ceive me Fleur-ette I

rall.

1. love but thee. 2. thee.

love thee. thee.

love thee. thee.

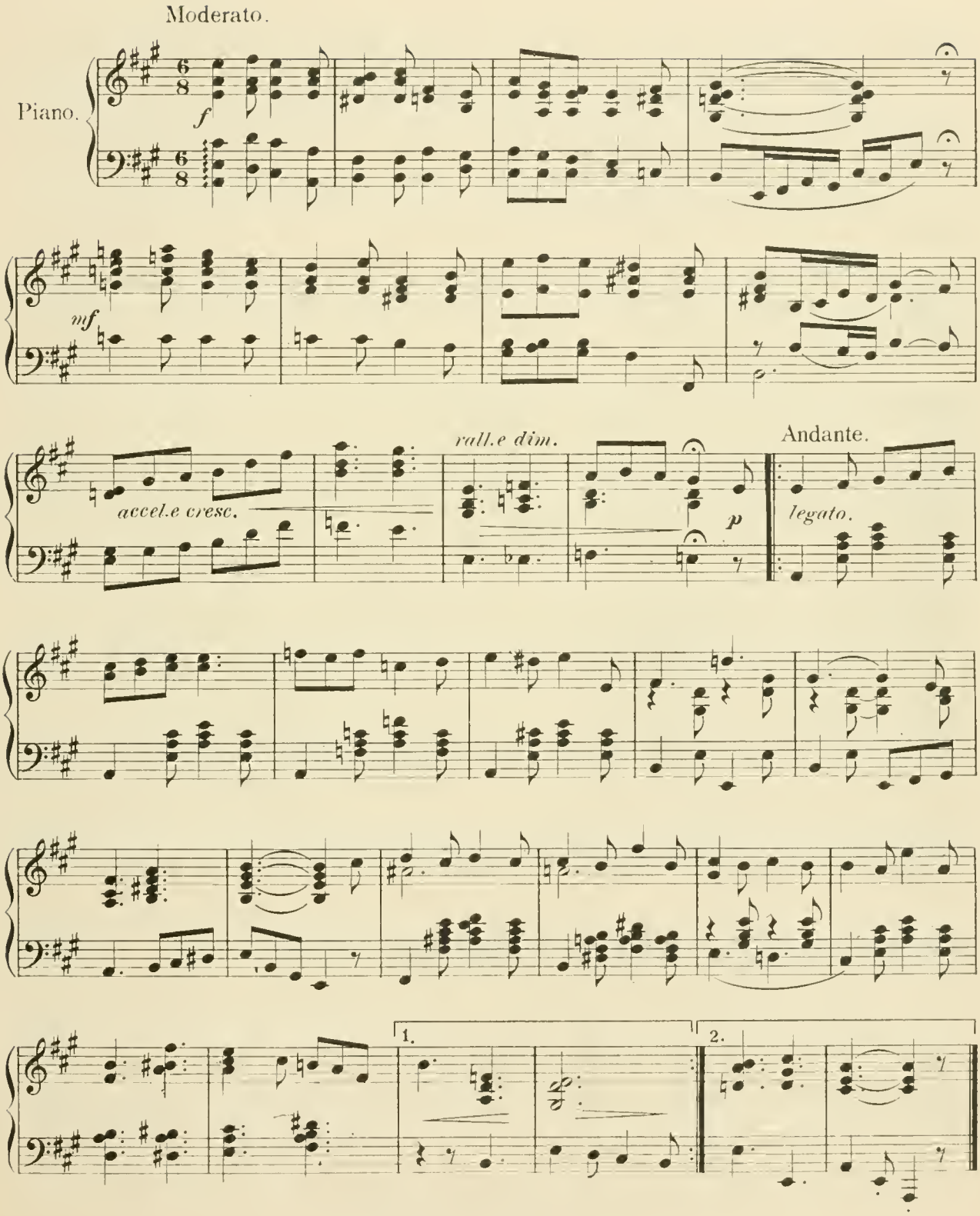
a tempo. *ff*

rall.

ACT II.

Opening.

No 14a



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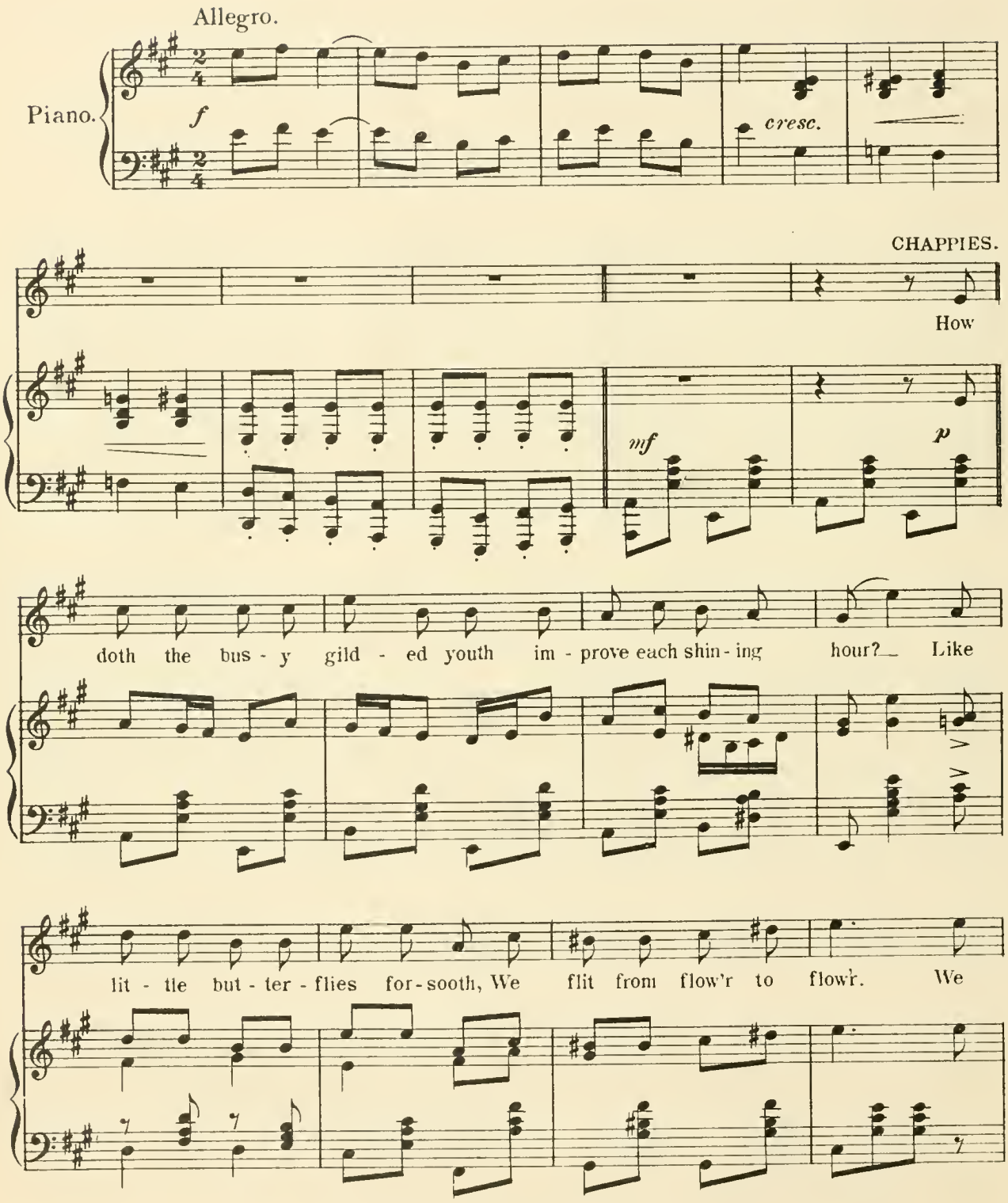
Entrance.

Chappies, Managers and Autograph Girls.

No 14b



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toil not neith - er do we spin, We sim - ply spend pa - rent - al tin, And the

on - ly work we ev - er do Is to work pa - pa and ma - ma too. We

don't do a thing and nev - er could Ex - cept pa - pa and we do him good.

MANAGERS.

The

f

mf

gen - tle muse who rules the stage Is one of our la - dy friends— The

pub - lic taste we quick - ly gauge; And we make it serve our ends.— When

Shake-speare fails we try our luck With the rag-time queen and Mo - bile buck, For the

sweet-est mu - sic ev - er heard Is the clink, clink, gold - en chink's, The

sweet - est mu - sic in the land, And the on - ly kind we un - der - stand.

L'istesso tempo.

CHAPPIES.

How

MANAGERS.

The

L'istesso tempo.

f

doth the bus - y gild - ed youth im - prove each shin - ing hour? Like

gen - tle muse who rules the stage is one of our la - dy friends. The

lit - tle but - ter - flies, for - sooth we flit from flow'r to flow'r, We

pub - lic taste we quick - ly gauge, And we make it serve our ends When

toil not neith-er do we spin, We sim-ply spend pa-rent-al tin, And the

Shakes-peare fails we try our luck with the rag-time queen and Mo-bile buck, For the

on-ly work we ev-er do is to work pa-pa and ma-ma too We

sweet-est mu-sic ev-er heard is the clink, clink, gold-en chink's The

don't do a thing and nev-er could, Ex-cept pa-pa and we do him good.

sweet-est mu-sic in the land. And the on-ly kind we un-der-stand.

(Entrance of Autograph Girls.)

Moderato.

p misterioso.

mf

p

mf

p

AUTOGRAPH GIRLS.

Hush! hush! Look out for us, We're camp-ing on their trail. With -

p

out a doubt we'll seek them out, And land them with - out fail. Like the

hun - ter who stalks his wa - ry prey, We cap-ture ce - leb - ri - ties

ev - 'ry day. We round them up with a scorn-ful laugh.

Stand and de - liv - er your au - to - graph. The

CHORUS.

f

Your au - to - graph.

f

f

mf

rose is red and the vi - o - lets blue Su - gar is sweet and so are you, If

I am thine, then you are mine. If you love me as

I love you, No knife can cut our love in two. You'll find it in the au-to-graph

al - - bum!

DANCE.

f *p*

p

Scherzando.

1. *fz*

2. *f*

Nº 15.

Henny.

Sophie and Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE.

Moderato.

f

One day I went to a Saen-ger-fest On the banks of the dear old Rhine I
My Hen-ny he was a chub-by boy And his eyes they were ba-by blue. For

p

wore a badge up-on my breast Of the Swein-burg Turn-Ve-rein The
months he was my pride and joy And I thought his love was true. One

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band was play-ing a lieb-er tune And the mu-sic was soft and sweet I
night I strolled in the pub-lic park For I hoped to find Hen-ny there I

heard the sound of that bas-soon And my heart be-gan to beat. My
heard from out the woods so dark That old fa-mil-iar air My

colla voce.

Hen-ny played a So-lo That day on the beau-ti-ful Rhine And
Hen-ny played a So-lo That night on the beau-ti-ful Rhine And

mf
a tempo.

rall.

while he played hi-lee, hi-lo He won this heart of mine.
seat-ed close be-side him was A la-dy friend of mine.

rall.

REFRAIN.

Tempo di Valse.

Hen-ny, oh, Hen-ny come to me A-cross the wet and sal-ty sea.
Hen-ny, oh, Hen-ny what a blow, My la-dy friend she stole my beau.

p

I'm long-ing for the hap-py day When I can hear my Hen-ny play:
Weep-ing and sad I turned a-way And as I went I heard him say:

I
My

mf *p*

Bassoon Solo.

lost my heart when I heard that tune That Hen-ny played on his big bas-soon.
heart was broke when I heard the tune That Hen-ny played on his big bas-soon.

tr *f*

When He's Not Near.

No 16.

DUET.

Alexander and Peggy.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE.

Moderato.

Piano.

f

rall.

PEGGY.

Oh, why does jeal - ous men sus - pect there's some-thing wrong, When he's ____ not
The rule of love, it seems to me, should work both ways, When he's ____ not

p

ALEX.

near? ____ Be - cause he's learned that wom - an will not pine for long When
near. ____ A girl in grief and sol - i - tude should spend her days When

PEGGY.

he's ____ not near. ____ Of course it's un - der - stood That the
he's ____ not near. ____ While man may have the right to go

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man is al - ways good He's se - date, well be - haved, nev - er
out and call each night On an - oth - er at - trac - tive young

ALEX.

fear. He nev - er is at - trac - ted by a
dear. Be - lieve me, man up - on no oth - er

tr

si - ren song, When she's not near.
girl will gaze, When she's not near.

rall.

REFRAIN.
PEGGY.

ALEX.

A man will nev - er trust a maid When he's not near But

tr

p

that's not ver - y strange, for a wom - an's heart may change, When he's not

PEGGY.

near. He won - ders if her love's sin - cere When

tr

PEGGY.

he's not near. But though he's as - sailed by doubt, He

ALEX.

But though he's as - sailed by doubt, by doubt He

mf

D.C.

ne'er can find her out, When he's not near.

ne'er can find her out, When he's not near, When he's not near.

D.C.

No 17. The Dear Old Farm.

Lutie, Harriet, Grampis, Alexander, Reginald, Plummer & Lily.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE.

Moderato.

Piano.

PLUM. GRAM.

Sing of the fields of clov-er hay, The pas-ture where the lamb-kins play On the dear old
Hark! to the pound-ing on the door, Get up! it's near-ly half past four On the dear old
Sing of the joys of coun-try board, And drink-ing wa-ter from a gourd, On the dear old

LUTIE & HAR. HAR. LUTIE.

farm, On the dear old farm.— The snow white bloom of ap-ple trees A fra-grance lends to
farm, On the dear old farm.— You cur-ry the horses and feed the stock, And do a days work by
farm, On the dear old farm.— Nice fruit and milk on ev-'ry hand, They buy it in the

ALEX. & REG.

On the dear old farm.—
On the dear old farm.—
On the dear old farm.—

GRAM. & PLUM.

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LUTIE & HAR. ALEX.

ev - 'ry breeze On the dear old farm, On the dear old farm. Oh, leave the ci - ty
six o' clock On the dear old farm, On the dear old farm. Per-haps you think it's
cit - y canned On the dear old farm, On the dear old farm. One weeks e-nough to

On the dear old farm.
On the dear old farm.
On the dear old farm.

f *p*

REG. LUTIE & HAR.

and its noise Come to the qui - et coun-try joys, On the dear old farm, On the dear old farm.
lots of fun At nine P. M. your work is done, On the dear old farm, On the dear old farm.
put you wise And make you sore on moth-er's pies, On the dear old farm, On the dear old farm.

On the dear old farm.
On the dear old farm.
On the dear old farm.

f

REFRAIN.

LUTIE & HAR.

The dear old farm And big red barn And the cluck of the bus - y hen — When-
The dear old farm It has no charm — Ex - cept in the ru - ral play — You're
The dear old farm With meals so warm When it's nine - - ty and a half — You

ALEX. & REG.

The dear old farm And big red barn And the cluck of the bus - y hen — When-
The dear old farm It has no charm — Ex - cept in the ru - ral play — You're
The dear old farm With meals so warm When it's nine - - ty and a half — You

GRAM. & PLUM.

f

D.C.

ev - er I think of the milk to drink Then I want to go back a - gain. —
ver - y near dead when you get to bed And the mat - tress is stuffed with hay. —
feel ver - y nice when you ask for ice And they give you the mer - ry laugh. —

D.C.

ev - er I think of the milk to drink Then I want to go back a - gain. —
ver - y near dead when you get to bed And the mat - tress is stuffed with hay. —
feel ver - y nice when you ask for ice And they give you the mer - ry laugh. —

D.C.

fz

D.C.

4

PLUM — If you desire society
GRAM — You must attend a kissing bee
On the dear old farm
ALL — On the dear old farm.
HAR — Each dance is just a plain quadrille
LUTIE — Of popcorn you may eat your fill
On the dear old farm
ALL — On the dear old farm.
ALEX — Then drive through mud some six feet deep
REG — Which gives you just an hour to sleep
On the dear old farm
ALL — On the dear old farm.

REFRAIN.

ALL — The dear old farm
You can't keep warm
When summer days have fled
If you'd live till spring
You must do one thing
Wear your overcoat in bed.

5.

PLUM — On evenings you enjoy yourself
GRAM — The checker board comes from the shelf
On the dear old farm
ALL — On the dear old farm.
HAR — The hired man makes a move or two
LUTIE — And makes a monkey out of you
On the dear old farm
ALL — On the dear old farm.
ALEX — It is the best of all his jokes
REG — A checker-game with city folks
On the dear old farm
ALL — On the dear old farm.

REFRAIN.

ALL — The dear old farm
Is a false alarm
With checkers at night to play
The move you'd like
Is down the pike
To the city far away.

The Janitor.

№ 18.

Grampis and Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE.

Allegro.

Piano.

f

Moderato.

GRAMPIS.

The Shah of Per - sia on his throne, he

Till voice.

p

is - n't one, two, three, With the ty - rant of the fam - 'ly a -

part - ment Your Do - dos and your Su - lu Sul - tans don't stack up with me I'm the

gen'-ral boss of ev'- ry blamed de-part-ment. No man can call his home his own If

he lives in a flat For in me you may be - hold the lord and

mas - ter All modes of per - se - cu - tion I have

got down ver - y pat And all op - po - si - tion meets with sure dis - as - ter If a

ten-ant wish-es to give a ball, If a la-dy de-sires to make a call, If they

p

want to sit up aft-er ten Or en-ter-tain a few bach-e-lor men, If they

want the el-e-va-tor to run In the still of night at the hour of one, If they

play the pi-a-no when it's late Or if hub-by goes for a qui-et skate, He must

hum-bly come with his hat in hand. And

CHORUS.

He must hum-bly come with his hat in hand.

He must hum-bly come with his hat in hand.

get a per-mit from me, do you see? And get a per-mit from me.

The

The

jan - i - tor, the jan - i - tor That's what a jan - i -

jan - i - tor, the jan - i - tor That's what a jan - i -

tor is for; If you live in a flat, You must

tor is for; If you live in a flat, You must

take off your hat— To the high and might - y jan - i - tor.

take off your hat— To the high and might - y jan - i - tor.

f

No. 19. Sweet Married Life!

Grampis and Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE.

Allegro.

Piano.

f

There was a time in days of yore When mar-riage was no joke And
But now we find a won-drous change Our rules are not so strict, When
If you don't like your mar-ried lot You have a swift re - course, Just

mf

pa - tient wives in meek-ness wore The mat- ri - mo: - .ni - al yoke. Be-
mar - ried folks their dates ar - range So they will not con - flict. But
drop a nick - el in the slot And take out a di - vorce. Then

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night - ed wo - man fond - ly tried To hon - or and o - bey And
still in spite of all they do When pa's out with the boys The
if the sec - ond one you choose With you does not a - gree You

girl - hood van - ished for the bride Up - on her wed - ding day.
chan - ces are he'll run in - to The part - ner of his joys.
ask the judge to cut you loose And hunt for num - ber three.

REFRAIN.

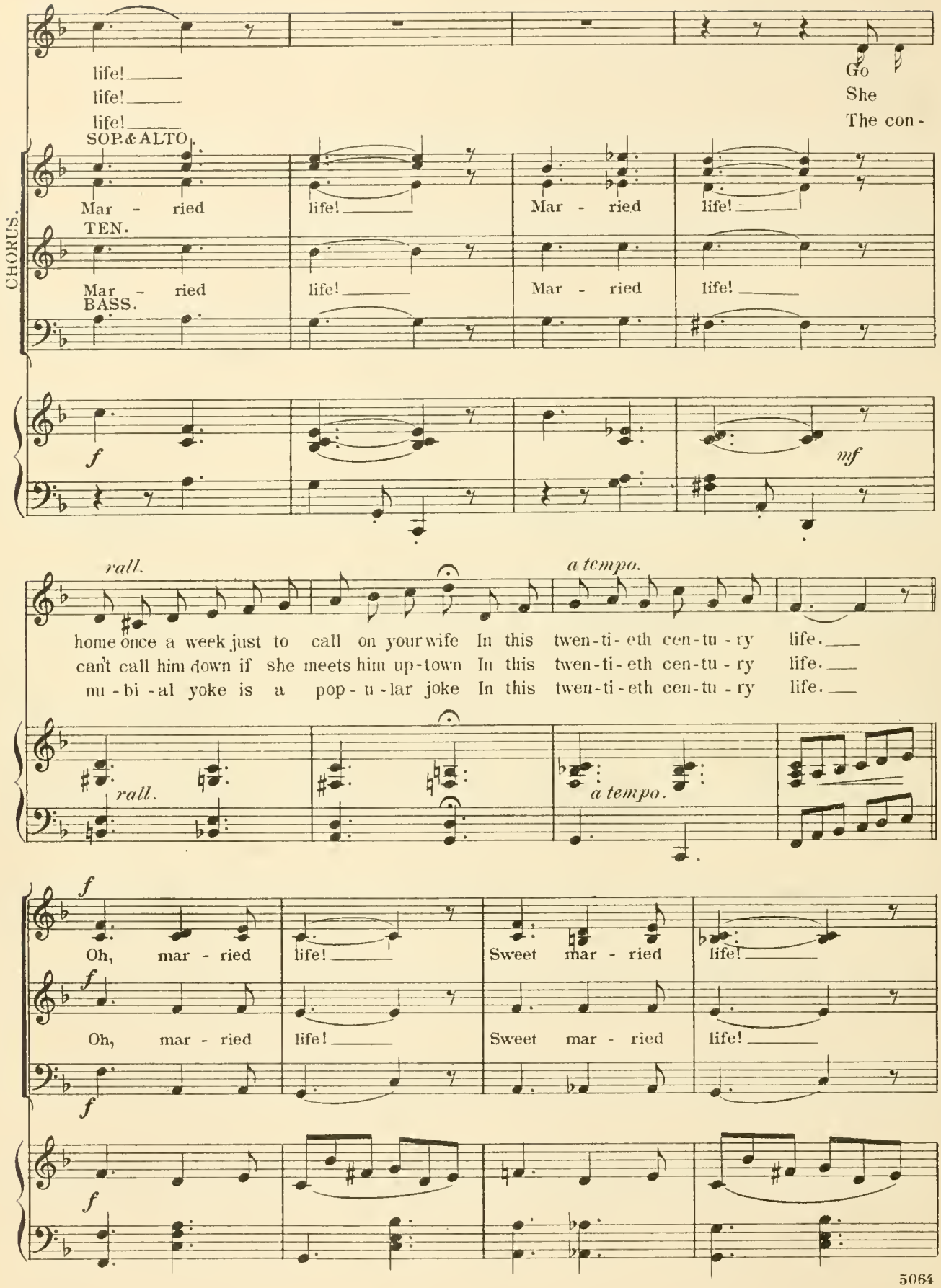
Moderato.

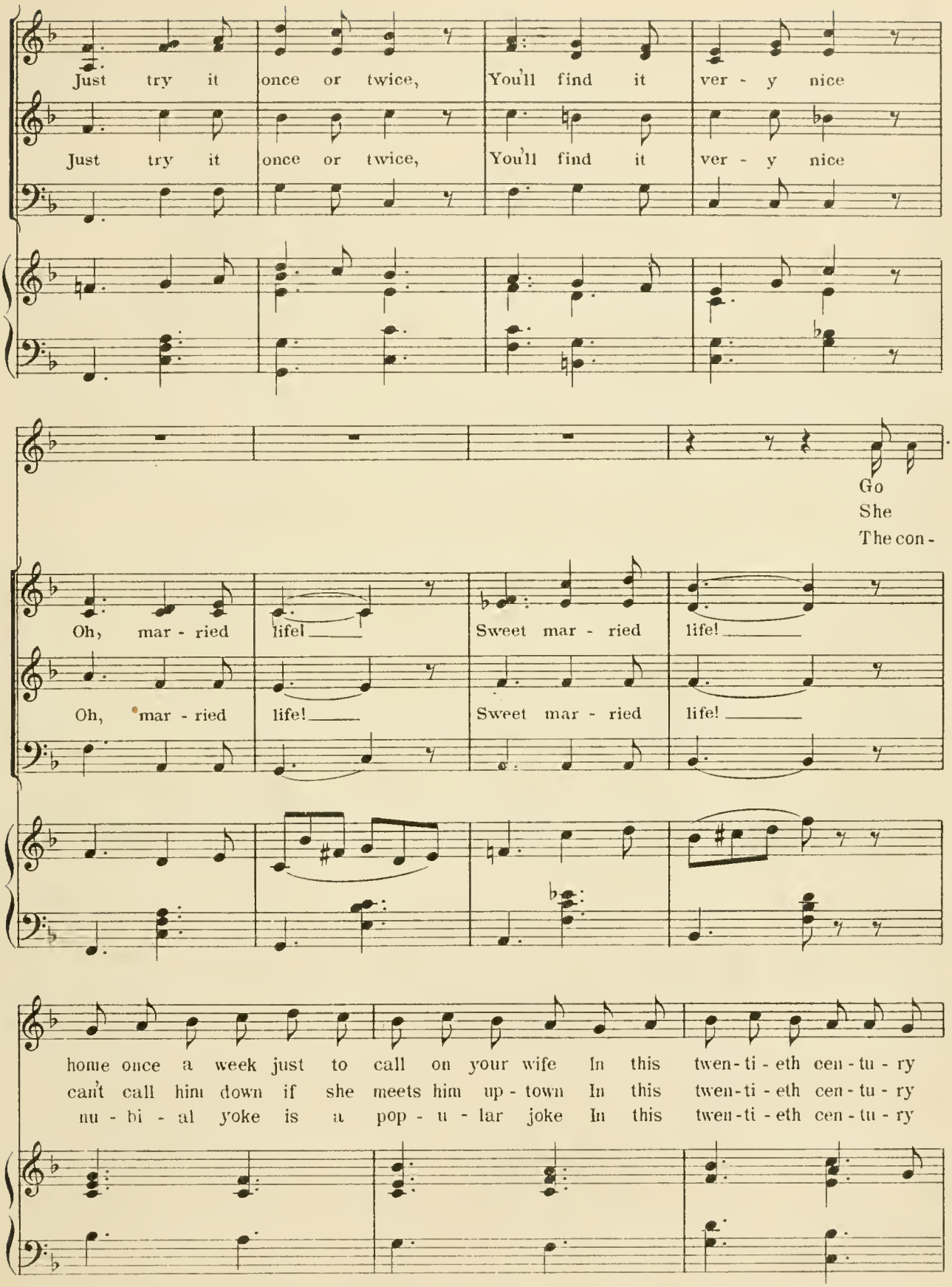
Oh! mar - ried life! Sweet mar - ried life!
Oh! mar - ried life! Sweet mar - ried life!
Oh! mar - ried life! Sweet mar - ried life!

Just try it once or twice, You'll find it ver - y nice,
It does - n't wor - ry her, Ac - ci - dents will oc - cur,
If wi - fey proves a bore Cheer up! there's plen - ty more,

Oh, mar - ried life! Sweet mar - ried life! Go
Oh, mar - ried life! Sweet mar - ried life! She
Oh, mar - ried life! Sweet mar - ried life! The con-

home once a week just to call on your wife In this twen-ti - eth cen - tu - ry
can't call him down if she meets him up - town In this twen-ti - eth cen - tu - ry
nu - bi - al yoke is a pop - u - lar joke In this twen-ti - eth cen - tu - ry


life!
life!
life!
Go
She
The con-
CHORUS.
SOP. & ALTO.
Mar - ried life! Mar - ried life!
TEN.
Mar - ried life! Mar - ried life!
BASS.
f
mf
rall.
a tempo.
home once a week just to call on your wife In this twen-ti-eth cen-tu-ry life.
can't call him down if she meets him up-town In this twen-ti-eth cen-tu-ry life.
mu-bi-al yoke is a pop-u-lar joke In this twen-ti-eth cen-tu-ry life.
rall.
a tempo.
f
Oh, mar - ried life! Sweet mar - ried life!
Oh, mar - ried life! Sweet mar - ried life!


Just try it once or twice, You'll find it ver - y nice
Just try it once or twice, You'll find it ver - y nice
Go
She
The con -
Oh, mar - ried life! Sweet mar - ried life!
Oh, mar - ried life! Sweet mar - ried life!
home once a week just to call on your wife In this twen - ti - eth cen - tu - ry
can't call him down if she meets him up - town In this twen - ti - eth cen - tu - ry
nu - bi - al yoke is a pop - u - lar joke In this twen - ti - eth cen - tu - ry

life.
life.
life.

Go
She
The con-

mar - ried life! mar - ried life!

mar - ried life! mar - ried life!

f

mf rall. *f* *a tempo.*

home once a week just to call on your wife In this twen-ti-eth cen-tu-ry life.
can't call him down if she meets him up-town In this twen-ti-eth cen-tu-ry life.
nu-bi-al yoke is a pop-u-lar joke In this twen-ti-eth cen-tu-ry life.

mar - ried life!

mar - ried life!

mf rall. *f* *a tempo.* *D.S.*

Nº 20.

Lunita.

A SERENADE.

Peggy and Female Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE

INTRO.
Moderato

Piano.

f *ff* *mf* *rall.*

Life is short and youth so brief a span.
Man may wait too long all fan - cy free,

mf a tempo. *p*

Years flit by and, ah! so sad the man; All be - reft of love and
Smil - ing with dis - dain at such as we When at last he's pin - ing

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spurned by fate; Then, ah then, 'twill be too late.
for a mate; Then, ah then, 'twill be too late.

In the gold - en sea - son of the spring, Dance and sing, Have your fling.
While the flame of life is burn - ing high, Bright the eye, Soft the sigh,

mf

Come, fair youth, while Cu - pid leads the way. Love while yet you may.
Seek, fair youth, the pleas-ant prim - rose way. Love while yet you may.

p

REFRAIN.

Love is life oh!— do not spurn it.

p - mf

Love was meant for you, dear, I'll be con - stant, do— not fear. For

youth is spring The— time for love, dear.

Lu - ni - ta waits to claim your love to - day.— day.—

1 2

fz

Nº 21.

Come To The Club To-night.

. Reginald and Male Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
WILLIAM LORAINE.

Moderato

Piano.

mf misterioso.

REG.

Where the high-balls grow and the pool-balls roll And the smoke hangs thick a-
We're the mer-ry crew of the one call two And the po-ker known as

p

bove Ev'-ry chap we know is a right good soul Of the
stud And we pass the buck while we crowd our luck And we're

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dead - game kind we love. In this
al - ways out for blood. Though we

MALE CHORUS.

We love, Of the dead - game kind we love.
For blood, And we're al - ways out for blood.

mf *p*

safe re - treat where no pet - ti - coats dare To dis - turb our joy se -
may in - sist it's a gen - tle - man's game That we mere - ly play for

rene All the round - ers meet for a mid - night tear Or a
fun Not a chance is missed, 'tis a down right shame But the

gam - ble on the green.
new man he gets done.

The green, Or a gam - ble on the green.
Gets done, But the new man he gets done.

mf

Tempo di Marcia.

ALEX.

So come to the club to - night We'll lin - ger 'till the broad day -

to - night.

mf

light In this safe re - treat All the round - ers meet So come to the club to -

day - light.

night. So come to the club to - night We'll

So come to the club to - night, to - night We'll

f

lin - ger till the broad day - light In this safe re - treat All the

This safe re - treat

lin - ger till the broad day - light, day - light. In this safe re - treat All the

This safe re - treat

round - ers meet So come to the club to - night.

All round - ers meet.

round - ers meet So come to the club to - night.

All round - ers meet.

End of Opera.

PTLP Review:
Brittle
Acid Free

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